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Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE PUBLIC . . . SCHOOL BOY

AS a rule, we have no great opinion of the method of discussing an important question by means of the newspaper symposium; but the question asked in the *Strand Magazine*, "Has the public school boy deteriorated?" is an exception to the general rule. The public school boy is a very important factor in English life. We may take it that he is destined to the captaincy of whatever calling he may choose to follow. He is the statesman of the future, the merchant-prince, the soldier, the theologian, the person who will always be called upon to lead. If he be really deteriorating, the fact is bound to have an unfortunate bearing on the future of the country. The magazine in question has this month published the opinions of the headmasters on the subject; but these opinions, though of unquestionable value, come too much *ex cathedra* to be final. The typical headmaster is naturally and properly inclined to take as favourable an impression as is possible of those who are under his charge and responding to his training. Moreover, he would be scarcely human if he did not love what we may call the school virtues, and place them, perhaps, a little higher than the qualities which tell in actual life. And, indeed, that is the fault not of an individual, but of a system. That it exists can be easily proved. The favourite boys of the schoolmaster, those who in conduct are irreproachable, who are brilliant at examinations, and in every way add to the reputation of the school they belong to, do not necessarily cut great figures in the world; in fact, the vast majority of them pass out of notice altogether,

probably enough continuing to live irreproachable lives, but in obscurity unspeakable; whereas it often happens, on the contrary, that a school duffer, who from the point of view of the pedagogue has been a complete failure, on entering life begins at once to quit himself like a man, and to step up from point to point into a noble and illustrious position. Where this happens it is a fair contention that the educational institution has been to blame. If it had been an effective machine it would have seized upon those attributes that lead to success, and turned the so-called duffer out fit and ready for the race of life.

Without venturing, however, upon any categorical answer to the enquiry, it may be both instructive and interesting to note some of the characteristics of the school boy of to-day, and, if possible, trace them to their origin. We most willingly grant the contention of Dr. Joseph Wood that "in all essentials of moral character the school boys of to-day are better, not worse, than the boys of fifty years ago. They are not less manly, and they are certainly less rough, and less cruel." In this spirit he goes on to some considerable length, and those who know the public school boy will not readily contradict him; but, on the other hand, a youth from Eton or Harrow is a most amusing, and, perhaps, a somewhat disappointing study. One thing almost certain to strike the observer of human manners is, that he can scarcely be called a boy. He is an old man of fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen, as the case may be. Those children have seen so much that it is impossible to surprise them. They will go anywhere and see anything with a *sang-froid* that the most staid of their elders could not excel. And we do not believe that this is entirely due to a premature insight into the ways of the world. On the contrary, it arises in great measure from the training to which the boy is subjected, physically and mentally. From his entry into the school his intellectual life consists largely in preparing for examinations, while his playground life resolves itself into a ceaseless anxiety about averages and performances. He does scarcely anything from mere impulse. Before examinations came so much into vogue a boy had ten times as much chance of developing what was original and peculiar in his character by independent reading and thinking. Schoolmasters forget that it is the solitary hour and the solitary pastime that lay in the boy the foundations of a great man. School games we have no wish to deprecate. They have many merits, such as teaching co-operation and the sort of patriotism that makes the side or the school more than the individual, along with the sense of honour that comes from mixing with others who are prompt to enforce what they think the rules of good form. And it is a fine sign that good form amongst boys at the present time includes truthfulness, frankness, naturalness, and the kindred virtues.

So far that is all right; but the rougher boy of fifty years ago, though he might not have the same sense of decorum that these youths cultivate, had to make up for it a certain go and devilment that carried him much further. Anyone who will turn up pictures of the British youth as he was about the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign will see a comparatively shapeless, uncouth, unkempt lump of a boy; but subsequent events were to prove that these children who neglected the airs and graces so completely were to form one of the strongest and greatest generations that England has ever produced. The further we get away from that singular period the less do we admire its aesthetics, but the more do we wonder at the energy and go and determination which made themselves felt in every department of human activity. Both the girls and the boys of the present day are, perhaps, just a little too highly trained. The merest infants conduct themselves with a propriety that would have done credit to their grandmothers; but the question is whether the spirit has not been taken out of them to some extent by this schooling in the proprieties. At any rate, what we feel sure of is that the public school boy of to-day would become a more valuable asset of the nation if it could be managed that he could have more time and more opportunity to do as he liked. The great virtue of such open-air amusements as rambling, birds'-nesting, and fishing is that they cast a boy on his own resources and teach him to use his brain on the realities of life of which books are but the reflections. That a boy is able to solve problems on paper and construe or write Greek verses is of very little service to him when he is confronted with the problems that every man who would succeed has to solve for himself. In the battle of life it is not the tricks of fence learned in the library that are of avail, but the self-reliance, the invention, and enterprise that are developed in a boy who has had to find out things and do them for himself.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Arthur MacGregor. Mrs. MacGregor is the youngest daughter of Colonel James Fellowes, and was married on Tuesday last to Captain Arthur MacGregor of the Royal Scots Fusiliers.



At the present moment it is impossible to look on Russia without thinking of some condemned being who is gradually being overwhelmed by unmerciful disaster. Never, surely, in the history of the world has a nation gone through so long a series of unchecked, unlightened misfortunes. There is the upheaval which many people do not hesitate to characterise as a revolution, and which has earned for the Czar and his underlings the reprobation of the civilised world. Even the defence of Port Arthur, which at one time seemed to offer the one bright spot in the conduct of the war, is now regarded with misgiving by military men. When the correspondent of *The Times* went and saw the fortresses, many of which were almost untouched, the supplies of arms and ammunition, the men—who were not in anything like the condition to which our troops were reduced at Ladysmith—and the general appearance of the place, he seems to have come to the conclusion that General Stoessel was precipitate in his surrender. Following the proceedings at St. Petersburg comes news of another battle with the Japanese, in which, as usual, the Russians have got the worst of it. It seems extremely probable that General Kuropatkin was urged to make an offensive movement by his political superiors at St. Petersburg, so that attention might be distracted from home to the events of the war. His own knowledge must have told him how premature and ill-advised was the attack. So, by a chain of events there is no resisting, calamity follows calamity, and no one at present can tell what the end will be.

Among those concerned in the Russian outbreak, one of the most distinguished men of letters is the young novelist, Maxim Gorky. His work from time to time has been noticed in our columns, and our readers are fairly familiar with it. At one time it seemed as though his presentation of Russian life was unduly gloomy and pessimistic; but the events of the last few months have gone to show that he and those who acted with him were really in advance of their time, and were giving a timely warning, if their countrymen had been sufficiently alert to take it. There seems to be now some chance of his being severely punished for the share he took in the demonstration at the Winter Gardens; but although it is true that those the gods drive mad whom they have doomed to perish, it is to be hoped that the bureaucrats will not be so short-sighted as to carry out the letter of the law in regard to this distinguished writer. Several of the best-known English writers, including Mr. George Meredith and Mrs. Humphry Ward, have expressed their indignation at the report from Berlin that General Trepoff intends to hang Maxim Gorky.

Although the colonial prospects of German South-West Africa are of a highly discouraging character for the future, German colonial enterprise in other parts of Africa continues to develop itself with great perseverance, and there is every probability that the new line of railway from the West African colony of the Cameroons to Lake Chad will actually be begun during the present year. The whole line, as projected, will be about 600 miles long, and it is hoped to have about a quarter of it completed by the end of the year. The necessary capital has been subscribed, partly by a few noblemen of high position, but also in part by the mercantile companies which trade with the Cameroons. The high-lying country of this colony, which the railway should serve to develop commercially, is distinctly more promising than some of the other German possessions in Africa, and the apparent confidence of these merchants in the remunerativeness of their outlay seems quite likely to be justified. Meanwhile, as a further sign of colonial activity, an Imperial Ministry for the Colonies is likely to be established during the next few months.

Some interesting details are given by a ladies' association in Canada of its work in encouraging home handicrafts in various parts of the Dominion. The Scotch and French settlers now

produce a considerable quantity of home-woven cloth, which finds an increasing demand; while Swedish and Galician emigrant women are enabled to find a sale for considerable quantities of embroidery in their natural styles. Even the Donkhobors, in their more settled moments, produce Russian embroidery of excellent artistic quality. The same organisation works among the Indians, who have been induced to devote themselves to leather-curing as well as to bead and quill work. Supervision is provided by travelling instructors, who are steadily extending a system of home employment which cannot fail to be most beneficial to the poorer dwellers in widely-scattered homesteads and settlements.

The peculiar characteristic of the scheme of emigration brought forward by Mrs. Close, and discussed at the Mansion House on Monday, is that it is intended for children under nine years. Mrs. Close's idea is that if the poor little strays are taken away quite young they, in the first place, avoid contamination, and in the second place can be established in homes in Canada and be brought up with a knowledge of country life and a handy acquaintance with its work. The reception which her plan met with was not unanimous. A point was made that the Guardians of the Poor do not agree with it; but to this no great importance can be attached, as the Guardians never have been distinguished for enterprise or initiative. Mr. Abbott, Mr. Albert Spicer, and Dr. Barnardo all criticised it unfavourably, and we shall look forward with interest to March 5th, when the Lord Mayor will afford another opportunity of discussing the matter. It seems to us so promising that we do not quite understand why objections should be raised.

FROM AN EXILE IN A FAR COUNTRY.

O love, do you remember ere the days were long and lonely
The harping of the breezes that blew up from the bay,
The deep boreen all fern-fringed, where you and I walked only,
The foxgloves and the daisies that nodded all the way?
O love, do you remember the cotton rush a-flutter
Like a thousand dancing fairies all silver-white to see?
My heart goes out in longing more keen than tongue can utter,
For the long road—the bog road—and you alone with me.
O land of bog and heather—of shamrock green and tender—
The golden land, the green land, with rain-washed skies of blue,
I dim mine eyes with longing, to dreams my soul surrender,
O land of song and laughter, my heart is faint for you

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF.

"Move on" is the stern command addressed nowadays to the gipsies and other wandering folk, and those in the neighbourhood of London have been for the last few days traversing the suburban roads, with no place in which to rest. It does not seem to us altogether a proper arrangement. After all, there is no reason in the nature of things why, if people choose to lead a migratory life in vans, they should not be allowed to do so; and they form a part of the population that has its uses, although we are very far from being blind to the evils that are connected with them. The modern gipsy is by no means a desirable neighbour. He is not, to put it mildly, in every case honest, and not in many cases clean. He allows his children to grow up without education and to become Ishmaels; but, on the other hand, as the Board of Trade puts it, the over-civilised are perhaps going just a little beyond the mark in saying practically that they will allow none but house-dwellers in the land. After all, a great many commons are the property of the nation, and although it would be a pity that open spaces meant for recreation should be spoilt by squatting gipsies, no one is likely to contend that any great harm is done by allowing them to camp for a night or two on an ordinary common. If they do not do that, they are bound to resort to the lowest village lodging-houses, where they have far more opportunities of mischief than are presented in a camp confined to themselves. The whole business is a little absurd, and it were greatly to be desired that the Board of Trade would put their red tape aside and deal with it in a spirit of kindly common-sense.

Effective illustration was given of the difference that the London County Council tramways are producing on railways at the meeting a few days ago of the South Eastern. This company itself calculates to have lost two million passengers in the last year owing to the competition of the tramways. So serious is the case that to meet it it is proposed to take off a number of trains originally started to carry the working classes, and to close some of the stations that are chiefly affected. Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, who recounted this tale, remarked, "We cannot hope to compete with electric tramcars which are aided by the rates"—a statement that raises a serious question.

"Shot, of course," is the mournful epitaph that has to be pronounced whenever a rare or practically obsolete bird appears in this country. The latest victim of the pot-shot is a bittern

that was killed at Kitt Green, near Wigan, by a young collier who enjoys his play-day by going out with a gun. He had already had what he, no doubt, considered a very good morning's sport, having bagged a harmless coot and an equally harmless moorhen. The bittern at the moment seems to have been enjoying its lunch in a wood through which a stream of water runs. It rose in alarm at the sound of the two shots, and was promptly shot at a distance of 12 yds. The collier did not know what his victim was, nor did he receive any aid from the local ornithologists who were hastily summoned to identify it; but there can be no doubt that it was what Tennyson called a butter-bump, whose booming in mire and moss used to be a familiar sound in England, and has received frequent mention from many of the old writers. It was always a quite harmless bird, living on frogs and such small fish as it could obtain in stagnant pools or shallow streams. It is a pity that pot-shots do not get to know that it is finer to preserve these animals alive than to kill them wantonly whenever they appear.

Dr. Pigou, the Dean of Bristol, made a very amusing speech the other night at a meeting of the Guild of Church Musicians. He told the story of one of the Dukes of Cambridge who took off his hat when passing a barrel organ, being under the impression that "God Save the Queen" was being played, when the tune really was "The Old Hundredth." This was only one of a number of sparkling anecdotes, many of which had no obvious relation to music, such as that of the girl who in a physiological examination was asked to describe the process of digestion, and replied: "When you are eating you should show your food as much as you can. If you show your food you reduce it to a plump. The heart has two artilleries brought to bear on this plump." It was Sir Frederick Ouseley who told this to Dean Pigou, and he coupled it with another. He asked a student to tell him about Mozart. "Mozart," was the reply, "was an Egyptian by extraction. His habitat was in Syria, and he flourished during the last two centuries." As far as all this had any serious intention, it was meant to show how much a more rigorous examination is necessary.

It is satisfactory to learn that regulations have now been imposed upon the sealing industry in the Pribyloff Islands, more or less recognising the necessity of preventing indiscriminate slaughter, if the fur seal is not eventually to be exterminated from those great breeding-grounds. It is stated that during the past season young dog seals have been preserved, and that other restrictions have been imposed for the preservation of the rookeries, as a consequence of which the total number of skins taken was only 13,128, as against 19,292 in the preceding year. As the restrictions on killing seem, all told, to have been by no means very comprehensive, this great difference in the amount of the take clearly shows how greatly restriction was needed. A curious minor industry is the rearing of blue foxes for their skins, which is carried on under a lease obtained from the sealing company. The foxes are fed on one of the islands, and are half domesticated.

Among the home natural history observations of the past week are the appearance (and death) of an otter on the London Thames near Lambeth, the reported killing of a red grouse in Norfolk, and the appearance of two eagles near Frensham Pond in Surrey. These would be young white-tailed eagles, and it is to be hoped that Surrey will not add to its evil reputation for bird destruction by being the scene of the slaughter of these birds. Though the golden eagle is becoming more common in Scotland, the white-tailed eagle decreases rapidly, and is now so excessively rare that very few eyries are left. It is a very curious fact that so many of the young of the white-tailed eagle migrate South, while the young golden eagles are very seldom seen on this side of the Border.

The mountainous and remote corners of the New World covered by Alaska and North British Columbia are fertile in remarkable wild animals. They have produced the huge Kadiak bear (the largest in the world), the largest moose known, the sea otter, and the Alaskan mountain sheep. What appears to be an authentic report now comes to hand that a new species of bear has also been discovered there. It is an inland white bear, not an albino of the common black or brown bear, but a true species. The white polar or ice bear is a circum-polar species, but very easily distinguished from all others by its curiously flat profile and the large size which it attains. This British Columbian white bear is small.

A great deal of popular weather wisdom is based on the movements and conduct of birds, but there are grave reasons for doubting whether any trust is to be placed in the indications that they seem to give. Certainly there is a large class of birds that move in search of their food supply, and we can infer from the arrival, say, of wild swans on our East Coast that there is ice in the Cattegut, or from the coming of redwings that Northern

Europe is frost-bound; but there is no element of prophecy in this. The present season has shown striking instances of the inability of birds to forecast the future prudently, otherwise we should not find, as we do, that many have been so deceived by the mildness of some weeks of our winter as to begin nesting operations in January, and to lay eggs which a sharp frost, following the genial spell, gives little chance of coming to maturity. Obviously they obey the influence of present conditions, without any special knowledge of the changes of temperature that may ensue.

Apart from the famous packs of hounds of the shires, there is, perhaps, no pack in the country so popular as that which goes by the name of the Blackmore Vale. It is a Hunt that has special attractions of its own in the merits of the country both from the riding and the hunting points of view; in the record of its Mastership it has been exceedingly fortunate, Mr. Merthyr Guest being followed by Mr. John Hargreaves, and the latter being now succeeded by Colonel Percy Browne. Before the South African War, Colonel Browne, who was originally in the "Royals," hunted with great success the South and West Wilts. He, with his yeomanry, was constantly under fire in the war, serving as the advance guard to Lord Roberts's great march on Pretoria, and enduring the brunt of the hard fight at Nooitgedacht. Something of his undoubtedly great knowledge of fox-hunting Colonel Browne may have picked up in the school of the late Parson "Jack" Russell in Devonshire, where his brother, Mr. Scott Browne, still hunts the country adjacent to Mr. Mark Rolle's.

SONG.

Though tyrant time hath sought
To do love wrong,
Yet all in vain he wrought;
Though conquering years be strong,
Love with a sword of song
Shall bring their strength to naught.
Though thick about love's way
Fate's hostile spears
Shall hurtle, night and day,
With laughter and with tears,
The embattled host of fears
Love's conquering arm shall slay.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

Among the visions that speculators and men of science alike have dreamt of, one of the most fascinating has for a long time been the extraction of gold from sea-water; and many experiments have been tried, many fortunes imperilled, in pursuance of this scheme, which to many may seem no more practicable than was the ancient astrologer's search after the elixir of life. But the facts are simple enough. Sea-water, which contains almost every mineral, contains gold also; and the problem has not been so much how to obtain gold from the ocean as how to obtain it in sufficient quantities to defray the cost. Some years ago, an experiment was made at Brighton, and, after a vast quantity of sea-water had been evaporated, about as much gold was obtained as would form a thin layer for a half-sovereign. Obviously, this would not do; but afterwards the Americans discovered some chemical means of extracting it. Now another process has been invented, and, according to Sir William Ramsay, it has been demonstrated that gold can be profitably obtained from sea-water on a large scale, and the amount of gold is so large that the expense of obtaining it does not matter much. So far the prospect appears to be rosy, but till we see the work actually in operation we shall be somewhat sceptical at least in regard to the word "profitably."

A great deal of interest has very rightly and naturally been taken in the Commission sent out by the Liverpool Tropical School of Medicine to the West Coast of Africa for the purpose of ascertaining how far and by what means the climate can be rendered more healthy for the European settler. The first verbal report of Professor Boyce, who has just returned in the *Fanter*, is very distinctly encouraging. He is credited with saying, in effect, that mere attention to the precautions taught by scientific sanitation would render the country perfectly salubrious for the European, and that in the future Englishmen might go there, as to the Canary Islands, for an agreeable winter climate.

A deputation has lately waited on the Postmaster-General to expostulate with him on the unsightly telegraph and telephone poles that his department erects. It is a complaint with which all lovers of beautiful Nature must have sympathy. At the same time, there is much to be said on the side of the Postmaster-General. In the instance, specially brought forward by the deputation, of the telephone-poles in Epping Forest, the reply was that it would have cost £13,000 more to run the wires by another route. And no doubt this is an answer that has its

force. Of those who pay towards the erection of the poles, there is a large proportion that has no æsthetic sense, and has no preference for an oak tree over a telegraph-post. It is hard that such a man as this should be taxed to gratify the æsthetic taste of another. Would it be possible for the department to announce their intention beforehand of running telegraph-wires over a district of which the natural beauty deserves consideration, in order to give the residents an opportunity of defraying by

voluntary subscription the estimated difference in cost between overhead and underground wires? The beautiful Ashdown Forest has lately suffered grievous disfigurement by lines of these ugly posts for telegraph or telephone wires. Unfortunately it appears that the efficiency of telephonic wires is much impaired for transmission of long-distance messages by placing them underground. Wireless telephony and telegraphy is, doubtless, the ideal.

PRICKLES AS A PROTECTIVE DEVICE.

PERHAPS the most interesting phase of biological study is that which concerns itself with the various tricks, armaments, and devices by means of which Nature protects her children from the assaults of their enemies. Judged from this standpoint, the extraordinary resourcefulness and versatility of the great mother force is thrown into strong relief. But every student of the subject must, at one time or another, have been impressed by the remarkable prevalence of prickles as a protective device. Prickles are not restricted to any one group of animals or plants. They occur, roughly speaking, throughout the whole realm of organised existence.

As a familiar instance of a prickly mammal, the hedgehog will at once suggest itself to the reader's mind; nor would it be possible to advance a more striking case in point. Not only is the little animal's back completely clothed with closely-set, sharp-pointed spines, but it has acquired the trick of tucking in its legs and head at the approach of danger, thus turning itself for the time being into an unassailable, prickle-guarded sphere.



THE HEDGEHOG.

Exactly how this valuable habit became perfected and established it is impossible to say, but it is common to the whole family of hedgehogs distributed over the three great continents of the Old World.

Baby hedgehogs, at birth, are as blind as kittens; they are, however, already covered with soft and flexible white spines, which very soon harden and assume their adult coloration. This covering of prickles is, at first sight so different from the fur, hair, or wool which clothes most mammals, that one is led to an enquiry as to its derivation. It may be said at once that



PORCUPINE SPINES.

the various kinds of spines and prickles produced by different groups of the mammalia—the porcupines, the echidnas, the anteaters, and so on—may all be classed with hair, wool, horn, and nails, so far as their origin is concerned. They are, in fact, scarcely different from these things in the estimation of the zoologist, for he regards prickles (mammalian prickles, that is to say) as nothing more nor less than masses of tightly-packed and hardened hairs.

In proof of the above, it may be said that it is possible to

illustrate the evolution from a hair to a fully-developed prickle by specimens taken from any one prickly mammal. It is most easy to show this in the case of one of the large species of porcupine. In the above photograph may be seen a series of specimens, all of which were taken by the writer from the skin of one porcupine. At one end of the row we have a stiff hair, slightly thickened towards its root, at the other a long, shapely, sharp-pointed quill.

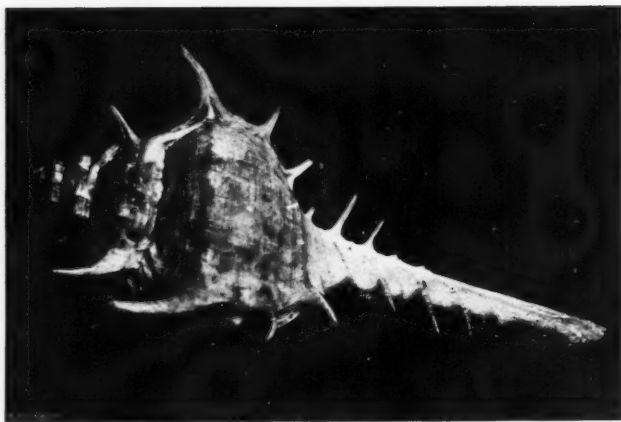


A FAMILY OF INFANT HEDGEHOGS.

Moreover, the two are linked by a number of graduated steps, which illustrate the process through which the single hair became gradually welded to a number of its fellows to form a bulky weapon of defence.

Among vertebrate animals, apart from the mammals, prickles are of common recurrence. Birds do not possess them—do not need them, perhaps, on account of their powers of flight. But many reptiles, especially lizards, are truly "horrid" creatures—to apply the word in its original, but now well-nigh forgotten, sense. A small Californian lizard, misnamed the "horned toad," on account of its somewhat squat and heavy aspect, is a good instance. The little creature's head, back, tail, and sides are completely armed with a most varied assortment of thorns and spines. As a result, although it is in other respects perfectly harmless, it is seldom the subject of molestation.

Prickly fishes are by no means unknown, the most interesting



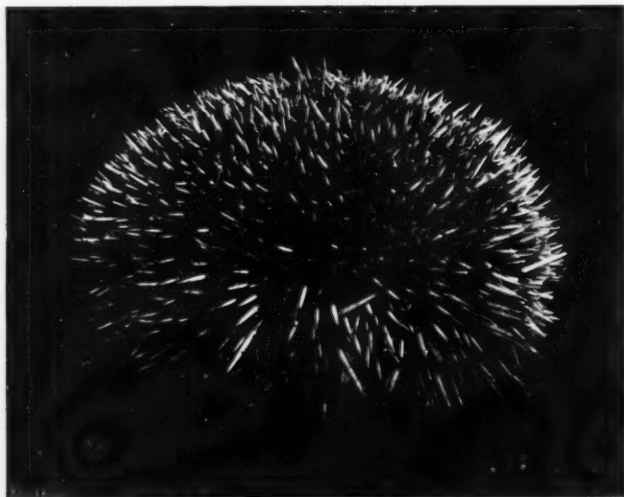
A PRICKLY MUREX SHELL.

upon the various kinds of shell-fish, and not a few of them possess teeth strong enough to crack even the hardest shells. But such fishes show a disinclination to take into their mouths a shell from which a score or more of sharp spines radiate.

Crabs, again, are much persecuted by fishes, and we find that very many of them have developed prickles for protection. The common mia, or "thornback," of our own coasts is a sufficiently striking example. It is not to be found wandering on the shore, like its cousin, the edible crab; but in shallow waters it is a common occupant of the trawl-net. Usually its back is covered with a mass of corallines and seaweed, for the crab has a quaint habit of cultivating a kind of sea-garden on the upper surface of its shell. Apparently its object is to render itself inconspicuous among its habitual surroundings, and there is no doubt that its thorny back arrests and holds many a portion of drifting weed. Thus its prickles seem to serve two objects—they collect and hold odds and ends which will screen the crab from observation, while, in the event of discovery, they prevent it from being cracked and eaten by a hungry fish.

Many other instances of prickly animals, especially among insects, might be advanced did space permit. In conclusion, however, something must be said respecting the use of prickles as a protective device in the vegetable kingdom.

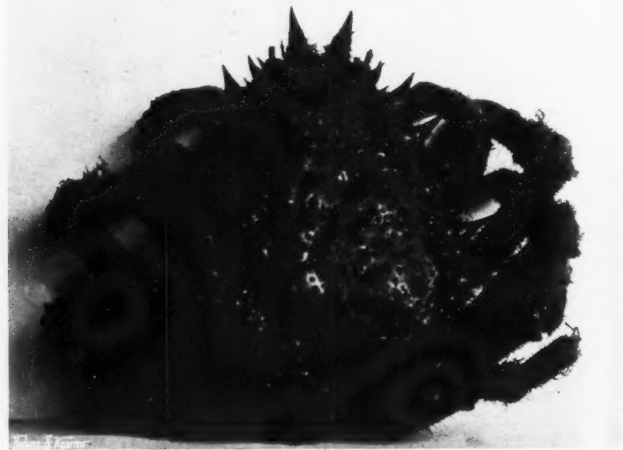
The common gorse is, perhaps, the best known of all prickly plants. It grows upon waste and more or less unproductive land, where it is commonly denied the protection of surrounding vegetation, and fully exposed to the assaults of browsing animals. In these circumstances one might hazard the opinion that it could never have become the sturdy, widely



THE COMMON SEA-URCHIN.

being the balloon fishes, which in times of danger puff themselves out with air or water, thus rendering their spines more prominent and effective. But it is among the lower orders of ocean dwellers that we find prickles employed most frequently. Indeed, in certain groups—as, for instance, the sea-urchins—prickles are almost universal. Here, too, we see the prickly sphere, assumed on occasion by the hedgehog, adopted as a permanency. The soft parts of a sea-urchin are enclosed within a shell, or "test," formed of many small plates accurately fitted together; and it is from this test that the prickles spring—each being mounted, with a muscular attachment, upon a rounded boss or pivot. In passing the reader may be reminded that, besides being protective, prickles serve many species of sea-urchin as a means of locomotion.

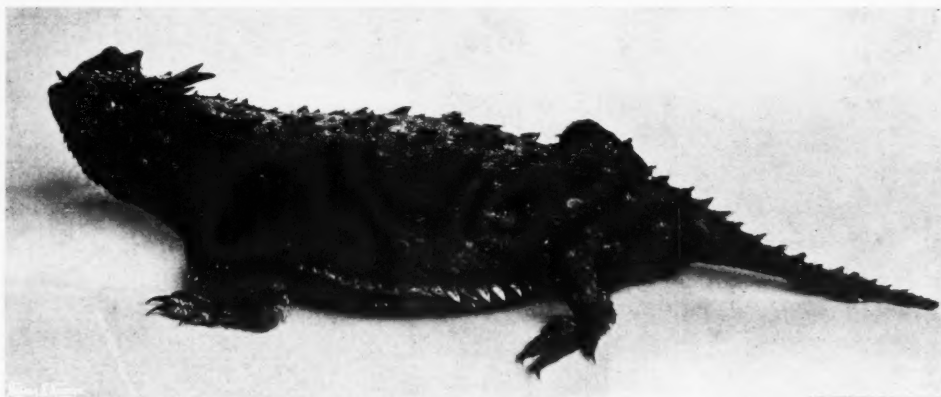
Very many kinds of molluscs have prickly shells. Of these, the various species of murex, or "woodcock shells," will be familiar to many. The reason for the existence of sharply-pointed spines upon shells which, from being both thick and hard, would seem in themselves a sufficient protection to their occupants, is doubtless discernible in the following fact: Many of the large species of fish rely mainly for their food



THE COMMON THORNBACK CRAB.

distributed plant which it is had it not been for its wonderful array of spines. These are, of course, modified leaves, performing the functions of true leaves while they stand sentinels over the well-being of the whole plant. Seedling gorse plants begin by producing quite ordinary-looking leaves. But these soon give place to the leaf-spines which in after life are so prominent a feature of the plant.

Many other plants, of which the sloe of our hedgerows is a good instance, protect themselves by means of spines which are derived from the



THE CALIFORNIAN HORNED TOAD.

twigs—the growing point ceasing to produce leaves and terminating in a hard, sharp point.

A third variety of vegetable prickles is produced by the outer skin of the leaves or branches, just as are plant hairs. Such are the thorns of roses and acacias. They may, in fact, be regarded as bearing the same relation to the hairs which we see on leaves and stems as do the quills of the porcupine to its hairs.

Of plants which bear spines of this kind the most interesting are certainly the cacti. These strange plants flourish in the central land regions of the New World, in districts which throughout lengthy periods of time are practically rainless. They are, to all intents and purposes, both leafless and stemless, having become, for the most part, thick masses of water-storing cells. Thus, they are able to thrive in spots where no other form of plant life can exist. But the cacti, by making themselves into water cisterns, have exposed themselves to the attacks of thirsty birds and animals; and, were it not for the fact that they are one and all furnished with exceedingly sharp spines, it is doubtful whether even their water-storing capabilities would have sufficed to save them from extinction. Thanks, however, to the prickles which protrude from their soft, succulent bodies, would-be water thieves are kept at bay.

It would be possible, did space permit, to offer many other instances of protective prickliness; enough have been advanced,



GORSE PRICKLES.



A TYPICAL CACTUS.

however, to show how frequently the device obtains in Nature, and to prove its high effectiveness.

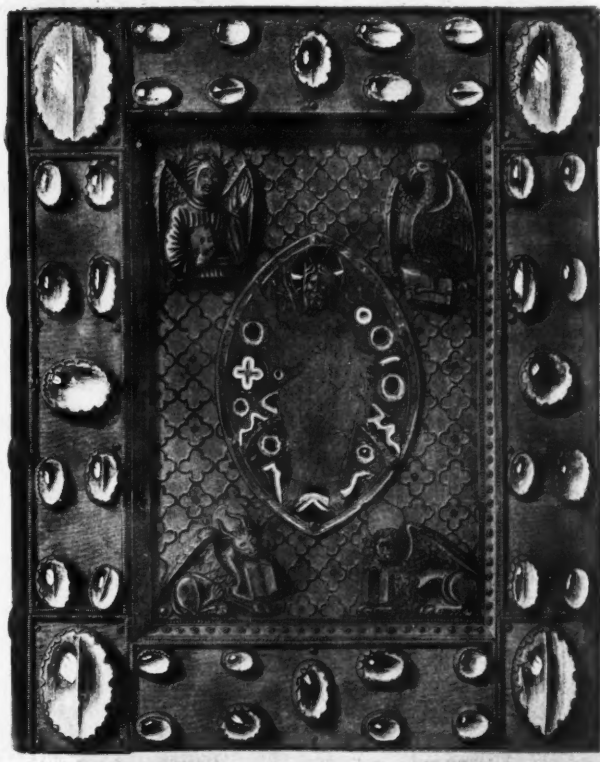
SOME ANCIENT BOOK-COVERS.

THE number of book-covers of ancient jewellers' work, in silver, ivory, or enamels, now extant can hardly approach a hundred; but if the prices at which examples have recently changed hands can be taken as establishing a market rate, their total value must be very considerable. The Gospel-book exhibited by the Earl of Ashburnham at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1891 was sold a little time ago for £10,000, and now news comes that the five bindings of which illustrations are here given have found a new owner at a price of about £20,000 the set. Rather more than forty years ago they were sold at one of the Libri sales for £630; so that, in this instance, the speculator did well for himself, being at least twenty-seven years ahead of that hypothetical investor at 5 per cent. compound interest who is usually brought into comparison in order to depreciate his bargains.

In the Middle Ages these jewellers' bindings were very fairly common, for it is probable that there was one of them in almost every great abbey and cathedral. In the ritual of the Mass from a very early date, the most striking ceremonial was concentrated on the reading of the Gospel, and it was the Gospel-book or Evangelium for which these splendid covers were mainly, or

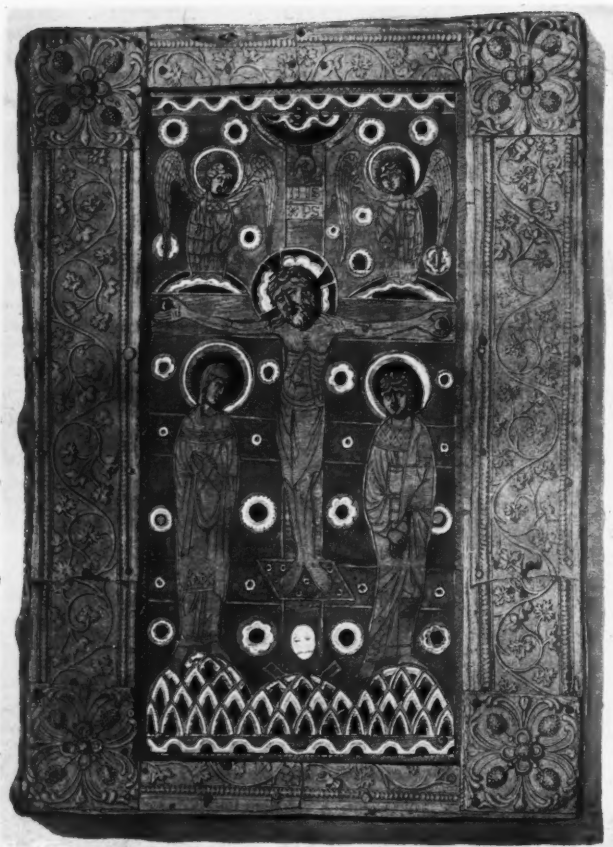
perhaps exclusively, reserved. In a paper on "Notes of Books in Wills," by Mr. H. R. Plomer, just published in a new volume of the Transactions of the Bibliographical Society, may be read how in the fourteenth century Bishop Grandisson bequeathed to his successors in the see of Exeter one such Gospel-book with covers of silver, having on one side figures in relief of Christ on the cross and the Blessed Virgin and St. John, and on the other the Coronation of the Virgin in niello work. For some centuries before this English craftsmen had practised every form of ecclesiastical art with success, and doubtless such Gospel-books were to be found in every diocese of England. But at the pillage which accompanied the Reformation, whatever other service-books might escape destruction—and there were not many that did—these were too conspicuous, too obviously valuable, to be passed over by the spoilers, and no English example is now known to exist. Even on the Continent fate has not been much kinder, for of the few covers that remain some are covers only, and others have had inserted into them, either by the whim of former

owners or for purposes of sale, obviously unsuitable manuscripts with which they can have had no original connection. Now a binding without its book, or with an obviously wrong book inside it, is always an object of suspicion to the wary amateur. A few years ago there was quite an epidemic of really beautiful painted wooden covers, all supposed to come off old municipal account-books of Sienna, but really of modern manufacture, and the jewelled bindings that have come down to us, save when they have an undoubted pedigree, as in the case of the Ashburnham Gospels, which can be traced for centuries in the possession of the Abbey of Noble Canonesses at Lindau, on the Lake of Constance, lie cruelly open to suspicion. The history of this famous book shows very plainly how such suspicion may arise. The manuscript itself is of the tenth century, but the lower cover must belong to the eighth, and the upper to the end of the ninth, while defective ornaments appear to have been replaced by a



LATIN GOSPEL-BOOK IN JEWELLED SILVER-GILT BINDING.

restorer of the sixteenth. So again in the case of a Psalter, formerly in the Crawford collection, bound in covers with ivory medallions and enamels; the manuscript is of the eleventh or twelfth century, the ivories of the ninth, the enamels probably of the middle of the fifteenth. In the case of



LATIN GOSPEL-BOOK IN GILT AND ENAMELLED BINDING

an ordinary work of art, such incongruities would be eyed askance; and yet the incongruities are paralleled in the architecture of countless cathedrals, and would arise quite naturally from the desire of the original craftsman to utilise ivories or metal-work already venerable for antiquity, followed by subsequent restorations with the best work obtainable at the time. That some jewelled book-covers have been made up in



MENOLOGIUM SANCTORIUM IN GILT BINDING WITH JEWELS AND ENAMELS.

modern times is highly probable, for a dealer could afford to use nothing but genuine old materials, and make his illicit profit solely on the extra value they received by being brought into combination as a book-cover; but in their impatience at not having any certain criterion by which to judge (short, perhaps, of pulling the bindings to pieces to look at the nails!), students have perhaps grown unduly suspicious.

The British Museum exhibits in a show-case in the Grenville Library four fine Gospel-books (one of them in Greek) in bindings wholly or partly in metal-work or enamels. Of these, the earliest (Add. MS. 21,921), of which the contents are of the tenth century, has on its upper cover a seated figure of Christ in high relief, with four small squares of champlevé enamel added not earlier than the fourteenth century, and a stamped leather lower cover of the fifteenth. The Greek Gospels, also of the tenth century, have thin plates of silver-gilt nailed on the upper board, on which are figures of Christ, the Virgin, and St. John, the work being attributed to the twelfth century. A third manuscript (Add. MS. 11,848) differs from both these, having the lower as well as the upper cover of metal-work, probably German, of the fourteenth century. The fourth (Add. MS. 27,926) is of Limoges enamel of the thirteenth century. This last was presented to the British Museum in 1868 by the executors of Felix Slade; the other three were bought respectively in 1857, 1871 (of Lord Wimborne), and 1841, so that the Museum purchases were only spread over thirty years.



VITÆ SANCTORIUM IN GILT BINDING WITH JEWELS AND ENAMELS.

The largest collection in private hands in England was formed by Lord Crawford, who exhibited it in the Grafton Galleries in 1898. The number of specimens of metal and ivory then shown was no fewer than twenty-three, comprising examples of German, French, Italian, and Russian work in various states of preservation. Some of the covers or panels possessed no manuscript contents, in other instances Psalters, or even less appropriate works, had taken the place of the original Gospel-books, and there were instances, similar to those already noted, of the combination of centre panels and borders of obviously different dates. But the collection was as fine a one as money and skill could bring together, and those who object to Americans being allowed to purchase any of these good things will be glad to know that it is now in the possession of Mrs. Rylands.

A brief description of the five bindings which have now changed hands will show that they are good average specimens of their class.

(I.) Latin Gospels of the sixth century, only eighteen leaves left. Silver-gilt cover of the tenth and eleventh centuries, with figure of Christ in glory, and emblems of the Evangelists in low relief, the figure of Christ having a background of enamels, and the borders being studded with crystals. Bought by Libri from Messrs. Farrer.

(II.) Latin Gospels of the tenth century. Gilt cover with figures of Christ on the cross between the Virgin and St. John.

background of Limoges enamels; attributed to twelfth or thirteenth century. Bought by Libri from Messrs. Boone.

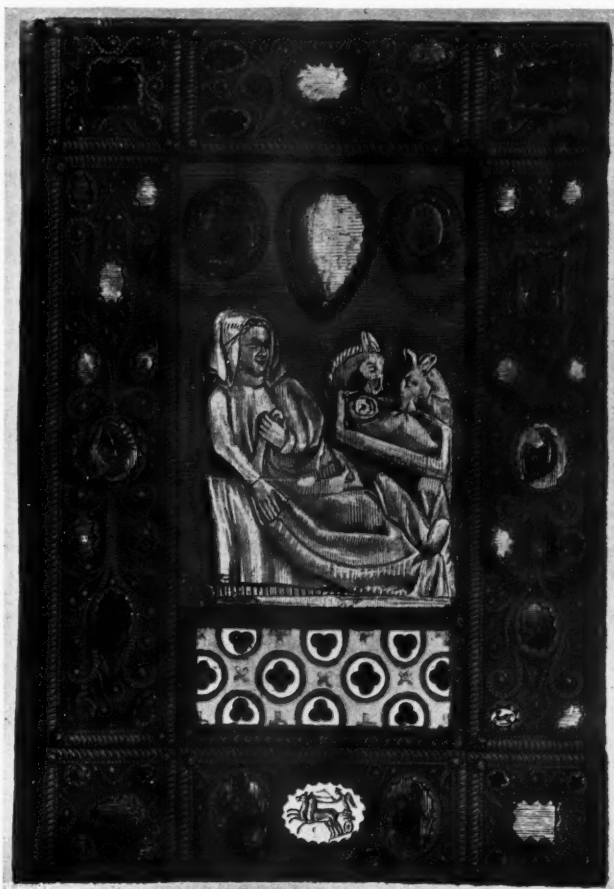
(III.) Menologium of the eleventh century. Gilt cover ornamented with enamels, jewels, and cameos, enclosing a central panel with two figures in relief of earlier date. Bought by Libri from Messrs. Boone.

(IV.) Latin Lives of the Saints, manuscript of the eleventh century in what is described as a gilt-metal binding of contemporary date, with central plaque of enamels and crystals in orniers. Bought by Libri of Tross of Paris.

(V.) Liber Decretalium. Manuscript of the fourteenth century, in gilt-metal binding, studded with jewels and cameos, and with an ivory centre-piece of the Nativity. Bought by Libri from Messrs. Farrer.

The above descriptions are taken substantially from the second edition of Libri's "Monuments inédits, ou peu connus faisant partie du cabinet de Guillaume Libri, et qui se rapportent à l'histoire des arts du dessin considérés dans leur application à l'ornement des livres," second edition, 1864, with plates, of which Nos. III., V., VI., IX., and XI. represent the books now sold. As it has been publicly stated that "Libri does not give the faintest indication of the provenance of these five volumes," it may be well to point out that the information here given as to the booksellers in whose possession they had been previously is taken from a note on page 11. Libri is believed to have had other ways of acquiring books besides buying them from well-known French and English booksellers, so that the correction is a matter of some little importance. That they passed through his hands is thus far from being a reason for suspicion, very much in their favour, for Libri was a good buyer, less likely to be taken in by a fake than most of his fellows. The probability that different parts of the binding are in some instances of different dates, and that some of the books—the Liber Decretorum almost for a certainty—were not the original occupants of the covers, applies, as we have seen, to many books of their class. The purchaser, then, if (as is generally nowadays taken for granted in the case of high prices) he be an American, may congratulate himself on having enriched his country with specimens of this kind of work as good as are to be found in England, and wise folk, who are glad that Englishmen and Americans should play the same games, will not grudge our cousins this further instalment of their share of the toys.

LIBER DECRETALUM IN JEWELLED GILT BINDING,
WITH IVORY CENTRE.



ALFRED W. POLLARD.

FROM THE FARMS.

THE COMING AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.

WITH the opening of February interest is naturally revived in the livestock shows of the year. In fact, one of the most important—that of the Shire Horse Society—is held on the four days beginning with the 21st of this month. There is no more interesting or important show than this held all the year round. It does not show an increasing number of entries; but that is simply because, owing to the difficulty of dealing with them, the management adopts a wise policy of insisting upon quality more than quantity. There are owners who would simply put anything in, on the chance of effecting a sale. In addition to the Shire Horse Show, there will be held in Scotland the show of the Glasgow Agricultural Society. The Royal Dublin Society, on February 9th and 10th, has its exhibition of bulls. On the 16th the Devon Cattle-breeders hold their exhibition at Taunton, and on the 17th the English Aberdeen-Angus Cattle Association have a show at Peterborough. With this month, therefore, we enter thoroughly into the period of exhibitions.

THE ORGANISATION OF FRUIT-GROWING.

We are glad to see that energetic measures are being taken in Herefordshire to promote co-operative societies for the sale of

fruit. On the Continent this has already been done to a very large extent. The combination is framed on purely commercial lines, but it admits of the introduction of a system of collection from small growers and the sale of the fruit in bulk. To go, for instance, into one of the great English jam factories is to find that the fruit, though grown in hundreds of different orchards and gardens, is really consigned by one or two co-operative societies. It has been proved by experience that by far the most unprofitable way of disposing of fruit is to allow it to get into the markets in dribbles without being either graded or chosen for quality.

The best way is to dispose of it in very large quantities, the consignment to be made according to quality. Uniformity is everything here, as in other departments of agricultural business. Another advantage of forming a large combination is that it enables the different individuals to obtain a standard at which to aim. It used to be just the same with dairy products. The dairy farmer who lived by himself and did not take much interest in what his neighbours were doing had no idea either what quantity of milk he should expect to obtain from a carefully-chosen herd, or what quality he had fair hope of attaining to; but no sooner did he become interested in shows and milk trials than he was able to take the matter up from a different point of view, and to insist upon a higher standard. We may expect the same thing to take place in regard to apples, pears, and other fruit. A considerable proportion of the trees seem to have come by mere chance into the orchard, and really might be grubbed up without any great loss. Good trees occupy no more space, and may be had at a very slightly increased initial outlay. There is, in fact, no end to the improvement that may be expected to follow from a combination of fruit-growers.

SHIRE PRICES.

The sale of the studs at Holker and Rugby respectively have drawn attention to a certain waning in fancy prices for Shires. In neither case did the average come up to £100, and it has been pointed out very truly that a few years ago from £130 to £150 probably represents what would have been obtained. But the falling off is not in the general value of a Shire horse, but in the extravagant prices which used to be freely given for much-fancied specimens of the breed. There were many owners who thought nothing of offering a sum varying from 500 guineas to 2,000 guineas; but one reason for this ceasing is that so many more first-class horses have come into the market. In consequence there are very few Shires that stand out beyond all their competitors. And, again, the business seems to be settling down to a naturally sound condition. There used to be a something of feverishness in it which can be dispensed with to advantage. It is for the best interests of the owners that the breeding of Shires should not be conducted as a speculation for which the prize is some immense price, but that it should aim chiefly at the production of first-rate Shires, for which an average price of £100 would be quite satisfactory; and that change to some extent is taking place. The various county societies which hire horses and let them out again are doing much to popularise breeding among the farmers. The latter are discovering that it is a lucrative pursuit. Unlike many other fancy animals the Shire is able to work for himself at a very early age, and the brood mares can easily perform all the haulage of the farm. Breeding Shires, then, is a natural and remunerative business for the farmer.

POULTRY-KEEPING AS A BUSINESS.

A writer in the current number of the *Quarterly Review* has some very wholesome remarks to make on this subject. He says, in the first place, that there is no topic on which more nonsense has been talked and written than poultry-keeping, and he proceeds to point out that the illusion to be dispersed is that there is any way of doing it by rule of thumb or by means of a programme. The first and most obvious consideration to take into account is always the locality. A farm near Brighton or Bourne-

mouth, for instance, would be much better than one in the Fens, for the simple reason that the poultry-keeper has a market at his elbow. He does not believe in poultry-farming in the strict and exclusive sense of that term, but recommends it as subsidiary to some other form of cultivation. In this connection he points out that "of those few farms which pass the test of five years under the same management the larger number are not what the general public understands by poultry-farming." Many of them

could be more correctly described as a grocer's shop or a candle shop. He quotes the case of Mr. Palmer, who keeps a poultry manager, it is true, but only in the same way as he has a dairy manager, a stock manager, and a general farm manager. This is all good sound sense, as is also the writer's denunciation of those who have spoilt many excellent breeds of poultry by working for points at the exhibitions. In fact, we know of no more correct summary of the merits and demerits of poultry-keeping.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE Messrs. Longman have begun the publication in fourteen volumes of what contains probably the finest poetic work done by Mr. William Morris, namely, "The Earthly Paradise," and it seems no inopportune moment to ask what is really the place of this writer in English literature. It is very difficult to bring him under a light that shall have no heat in it, because it was of the very nature of the man to rouse violent antipathies and equally violent friendships. In the propagation of his political opinions he was accustomed to use the most unsparing language, and, as his socialism, though in reality a *coulour de rose* kind of revolutionism, was obnoxious to those of a different way of thinking, it is no wonder that his name was tossed about between defenders and assailants. William Morris also belonged to a literary *clique*, and if Pre-Raphaelitism roused the enthusiasm of its own circle, it also begat a certain opposition in others. The consequence of all this was that it was scarcely possible to write or speak of this author without exaggeration. But time is a great moderator alike of enmities and enthusiasms, and the further we get away from a man, the more does he seem to fall into his right place in proportion with the others. No competent critic would for one moment deny that William Morris was a poet. He was probably the greatest of those with whom he consorted, and, had he written nothing else, the little introductory poem to "The Earthly Paradise" would have stamped him as belonging to the genuine tribe of sinners:

"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day."

This has the quality of fine verse, and it also defines the position of the writer as far as it was possible for this to be done by himself. His "tale not too importunate" was sung, indeed, "to those who in the sleepy region stay," and who were "lulled by the singer of an empty day." But that, again, was what kept him from soaring into the very highest regions of poetry. There is, when you come to the best, a high vigour, a clear trumpet note, to which the mere singer of an idle day cannot attain. If anyone were to turn to the translation Morris made of the "Odyssey," they would, we think, be convinced that while the poet is excellent in those passages in which Homer did not, so to speak, touch his top note, he always falls a little short, even judged in comparison with other translators, when he comes to the most memorable passages. So this "Earthly Paradise" itself flows on like some pleasant English stream, faring softly between green meadows and margins set with flag and alder, but never breaking off in a tempestuous torrent. Reading the poem again, how refreshing it is to come across the unhackneyed words, the tactful musical sentences, the workmanship that is always good. Anyone who takes the following stanza from "Atalanta's Race" will feel at once how thoroughly it earns the praise we have offered, and yet how it just falls short of the finest inspiration:

"Nor did she rest, but turned about to win
Once more, an unblest woeful victory—
And yet—and yet—why does her breath begin
To fail her, and her feet drag heavily?
Why fails she now to see if far or nigh
The goal is? Why do her grey eyes grow dim?
Why do these tremors run through every limb?"

She spreads her arms abroad some stay to find,
Else must she fall, indeed, and findeth this,
A strong man's arms about her body twined.
Nor may she shudder now to feel his kiss;
So wrapped she is in new unbroken bliss:
Made happy that the foe the prize hath won,
She weeps glad tears for all her glory done."

Without being uncomplimentary, he may be described as one of those with whom time ambleth withal, but the amble was always a pleasant pace. It gives a man full time to take note of the beauties of the roadside, of the flowers that are strewn about

the roots of the hedgerows, of the moving wild creatures that are themselves, as it were, living blossoms; and we can well understand that William Morris, wandering as he often did by forest ways when lingering and observing, was always a most delightful companion. The defect which arose out of these qualities was that he never seemed to be sufficiently concentrated. Good as "The Earthly Paradise" is, it nevertheless is drawn out to such an inordinate extent, that there are times when the most appreciative reader is rendered sleepy by lines that are so unfailingly mellifluous. A little crudity, a little roughness, a little metrical extravagance would be pardoned if it would break up this constant and uniform flow. One noticed the same thing in the prose tales which he wrote towards the end of his life, having come to the conclusion, as he said, that his countrymen were not in a condition to receive verse. If we take such a work as "The Water of the Wondrous Isles," there we get this shown. The book is written, like its companions, in a sort of English that seems to have been adapted from Malory, and is not, as we think, in perfect taste. On the contrary, it is undoubtedly Wardour Street. No man living in the nineteenth century could really write in the language of the fourteenth, and the attempt to do so could result in nothing beyond mere imitation. But the first requisite of all fine writing is that it should be real and sincere. We do not know of any man who ever achieved a masterpiece in the language of any period not his own. The best writer will always use the current speech of the people among whom he lives, though it will, at the same time, be finer than theirs, by reason of the width of his own mind and the natural discrimination by which his vocabulary has been formed. That is, at any rate, true of all our great masters of style. Chaucer did not go back, Shakespeare used the Elizabethan cadences, and, moreover, seemed to rejoice in interpolating the colloquialism and slang of his own time. Milton, with all his stateliness, seeks no preciousness, never goes back to what was obsolete. If we take the great eighteenth-century prose writers—Fielding, Sterne, and Swift—they are rigorously of their own time; and if a writer like Sir Thomas Browne indulged in phrases whose poetry was steeped in archaism, it was no conscious adoption of a dialect other than his own, but only the bent of his own mind that found expression. So, if we are to judge William Morris by the practice of the goodly company which went before him, we are forced to the conclusion that it was a trick unworthy of a great writer to adapt a style from Malory. The most obvious parallel to it lies in those eye-dazzling types with which he printed some of his later books. They were not really fine old type, but only modern imitations of them. Yet these were faults that came upon Morris in his later years. When he wrote "The Earthly Paradise" he was quite free of them. Take the beautiful opening lines, and we see at once that he had not yet learned any tricks of this kind:

"Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,
Forget the spreading of the hideous town;
Think rather of the pack-horse on the down,
And dream of London, small and white and clean,
The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green;
Think that below the bridge green lapping waves
Smite some few keels that bear Levantine staves,
Cut from the yew wood on the burnt-up hill,
And pointed jars that Greek hands toil'd to fill,
And treasured scanty spice from some far sea,
Florence gold cloth, and Ypres napery,
And cloth of Bruges, and hogsheads of Guienne;
While nigh the thronged wharf Geoffrey Chaucer's pen
Moves over bills of lading—mid such times
Shall dwell the hollow puppets of my rhymes."

The fault we have to find is that it is much overdone. These lines from "Smite some few keels" down to "rhymes" ought to have had their force put into one little phrase. It is this unrelenting expansion, this unceasing flow of words, this accumulation of detail, which give just that little note of weariness that comes from reading Morris. With more concentration and more energy of expression he would have taken a place far beyond that which he must now be content to fill.

A PROSPECTING TRIP IN THE SUDAN.



MULE TRANSPORT.

THE opening up and development of a new country is always in itself a most interesting occupation; but when the country happens to be one with which there is so much romance connected, and one of which up to very recent years so little has been known, such as the Sudan, it becomes of double interest. Cairo to Khartoum is now within reach of the ordinary tourist, and nothing further need be said about that portion.

One of the primary objects in exploring a new country is to obtain some idea of the mineral wealth and the fuel supply; and it was with an expedition organised for this purpose (gold and coal especially) that I had the opportunity of seeing that portion of the Sudan lying south of Khartoum, along the Blue Nile to Roseires, and from there across to Gezan on the Abyssinian frontier. In parts it is a country teeming with big game, wild-fowl, etc., which naturally made the trip more delightful. It is not the intention of this article to deal in detail either with such an expedition and its objects, or with the sports of the country, but merely to generalise on the whole.

Except towards the end of the dry season the Blue Nile is navigable as far as Roseires by stern wheelers, which leave Khartoum at stated intervals. These boats are very comfortable, and are more or less a replica of the Nile flotilla, except that all food, bedding, service, etc., has to be supplied by one's self. To Roseires the journey is performed in two stages, the change of boats being made at Wadmedani, a town second in importance to Omdurman. The journey takes about seven to ten days, depending on the connection made and the number of sandbanks on which the boat happens to get stuck. Many native towns are passed, and shooting at crocodiles and hippopotami helps to make variety during the day. The sunsets are superb.

A November day is absolutely perfect. The rains have practically ceased; the temperature is delightful. About five o'clock the sun begins to go down. Sitting on the upper deck one watches the river—not a ripple on it except the eddies, a small boat ferrying natives is halfway across, a flight of ibis pass over; coming up from the north a small stern wheeler on a Government mission is seen just rounding the bend; on the east bank are the dhurra fields (native wheat), jungle and sandbanks running down to the water's edge; on the west is the village of Singa, with its round mud huts and thatched conical roofs. The sky is almost clear of clouds except for a few dull, fleecy flakes; the water-carriers come down at their leisure, with their graceful stride, wade knee deep and fill their gourds from the muddy stream; the sun just dips behind the hill, and the sky is flooded with the dull red glare of an Eastern sunset. This in turn gives place to a pale and delicate violet, with here and there a lake in the sky of blue and green, the various shades imperceptibly merging one into the other. The reflection on the water is glorious; at one moment a purple stream, and the eddying pools reflect a green of the richest olive; violet and pink vie with each other in their softness and variety of shade; the trees and shrubs stand out in relief against the dying light; the splash of the water, the jargon of the natives, and the occasional

cry of the different wildfowl break the stillness; slowly the daylight fades and the intensity of colours grows fainter; daylight gives place to the light of the silvery moon, bright in its paleness, the heavens are studded with the lesser lights; night has begun, and Nature, clad in all her glory, sinks to rest.

One day is much the same as another. Roseires is reached, and a new phase of life begins. Stores and equipment are carried on camels, donkeys, and mules, according to the nature of the country. Horses do not



CAMEL TRANSPORT.

thrive very well, but are used when possible, as the natives respect a man riding a horse ever so much more than if he is mounted on a mule or donkey. Except during the rainy season one can sleep in the open; a mosquito curtain is necessary in most parts, a night and midday camp being established where there are water and shade. One can reckon on obtaining one-third of one's food supply from the native villages, a rifle and a shot-gun, gazelle, guinea-fowl, doves, and a sort of grouse being plentiful in parts.

The natives are keen sportsmen and good stalkers, and respect a good shot. The different tribes are innumerable, the typical Sudanese being a fine strapping man, but with peculiarly thin legs. Amongst themselves the men are gods and the women beasts of burthen. They are comparatively intelligent, and soon learn if handled properly. If a man hurts himself in any way the others look upon it as a huge joke. One incident in this connection is worthy of record. A crocodile had been shot, but though apparently dead, was not quite so. A servant started to skin it. The beast opened his mouth and snapped at him, but fortunately only caught one of his fingers, which he took clean off below the knuckle. The other natives yelled and danced with delight. The man never murmured.

From Roseires we went west, starting at dawn, halting for several hours during the heat of the day, and then going on till dusk. The animals travel better by night, so advantage is always taken of moonlight for night marches. The black mud



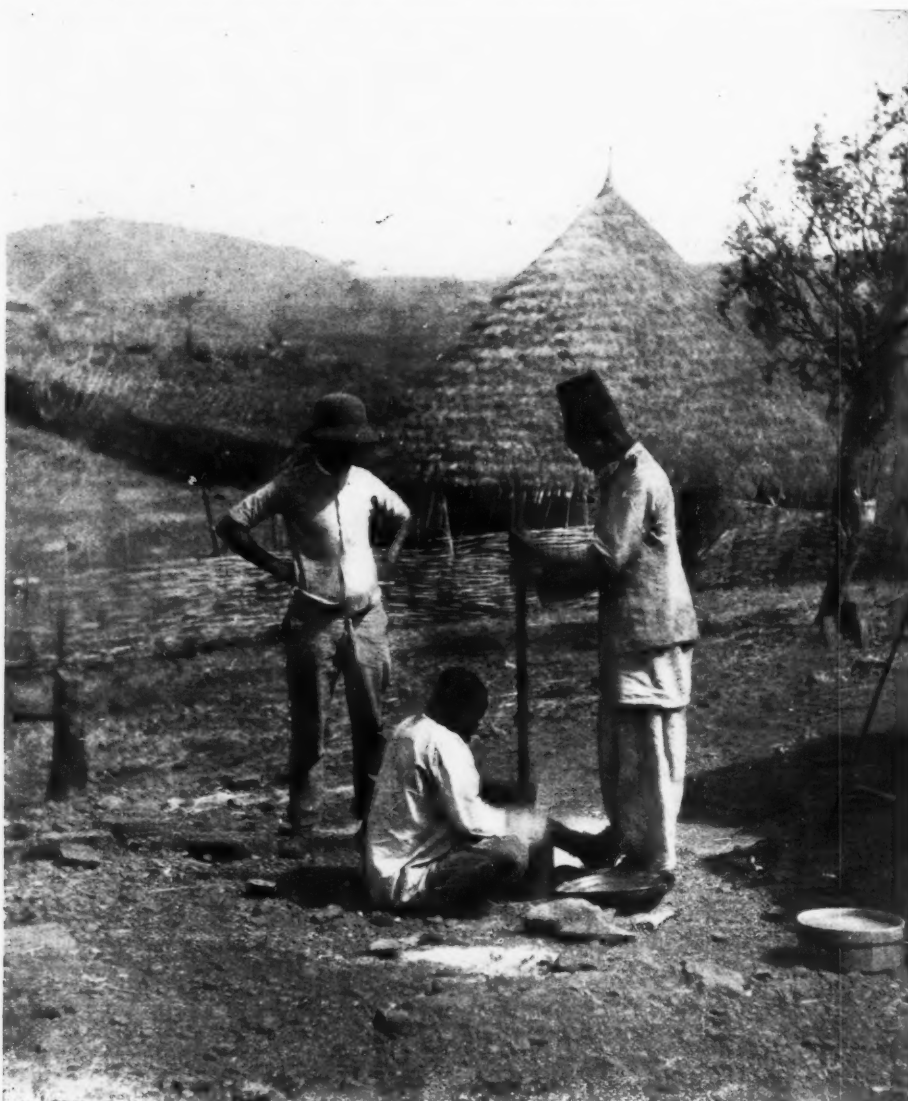
PANNING A SAMPLE WHERE WATER IS SCARCE.

brought down from the Abyssinian hills is the richest soil in the world, and anything will grow in it. Dhurra (wheat) is the staple article of diet of the native. There are several crops during the year, and the further one gets from Khartoum the

less inclined are the natives to work. They can grow all they want for their own consumption, and whilst they live on one crop they are content to sit and watch the other grow. They have in some of the larger villages cows, goats, sheep, and chickens, but the smaller and more remote tribes live entirely on dhurra.

The country between Khartoum and Wadmedani is practically desert land, the only fertile part being the narrow strip between high and low water mark along the banks of the Blue Nile. Irrigation to a small extent is carried on, the same as north of Khartoum, by means of the ancient "sakhie" and water-wheels. South of Wadmedani the aspect of the country changes, and in the rain zone there are large tracts of land in which dhurra is grown and sold in the Northern markets. The natives are very friendly, and treat an Englishman with great respect. Some of the tribes, however, are quite scared at the sight of a white man, and several of the extremely small villages were deserted on our approach. Usually, on a stranger's arrival in a village, the sheikh comes forward and welcomes one, orders an "augrib" (native bedstead) for one's use, and over a cup of coffee or bowl of sugar-water entertains his guest. The sheikhs are, on the whole, a very fine race of men, and in courtesy of manner compare with the most polished European. On leaving the village the sheikh usually walks at the head of one's horse, accompanied by his two or three chief men, and, on reaching the outskirts of his village, points out the way to the next halting-place, grasps you hard to wrist, and thus you bid farewell to one of Nature's own gentlemen.

On reaching the ground over which the prospector is going to operate, a base camp is established, and from there work is carried on. When any location is made, preliminary development work is put in hand, such as trenching, sinking shafts, and driving adits, the



CRUSHING A SAMPLE.

panning of river-beds and discovery of quartz outcrops being the objective for the gold prospector. One illustration shows a sample of quartz being crushed by a pestle and mortar prior to panning. In this case the outcrop was some distance from water, and the other illustration shows the method of using the same water over and over again.

Two other pictures give a good idea of male and camel transport. A prospector's base camp is selected, when possible, close to a big tree on account of the shade. Wooden pegs are driven into the trunk (the diameter of some of these shade trees being 1 ft. or 2 ft.), and on these pegs all one's belongings are hung, as if left on the ground white ants, etc., do great damage.

Another very interesting snap-shot which was secured shows the mode of construction of a native hut. The country is covered with long grass, with which the huts are thatched. In those parts where there are neither trees nor grass, the huts are made entirely of mud. As one gets nearer the Abyssinian border, one finds most of the villages built on the tops of the hills. This is for defensive purposes, as the various villages used to raid one another. The location of villages is dependent entirely on where there is a water supply.

The natives work the alluvial in the river-beds, their only implements being wooden tools, with which they scoop out the ground, and pan the gravels in wooden troughs. They know the exact value of gold, and in buying it from them one has to pay the full value—where they understand money "in coin," and where not, "in kind."

Whilst in the neighbourhood of Gezan we received a visit from the sheikh's son, a bright, intelligent youth about eighteen years old, by name Jusef. He took a great fancy to a number of empty bottles which were lying about. These were offered to him in exchange for gold dust, which he undertook to bring back in the course of a couple of days. This he did, the value of which was about 10s. or 15s., bringing it tied up in a dirty little piece of rag. I immediately asked him if he had any more he would like to exchange. "Ma fish" ("No more") he replied. Empty bottles were apparently played out, so I tried him with an old waistcoat and a flannel shirt and a piece of brass wire. Seeing the bait was not sufficiently attractive to him I produced a bright bandanna handkerchief. This he seemed to like immensely, but he did not think it was of sufficient value in exchange for his gold dust, which he produced tied up similarly to the other little bundle, but which contained almost double the quantity of gold. I rummaged about, and found an old pink pyjama coat, one of the Burlington Arcade's choicest patterns. This I insisted on his putting on, made him look at himself in the looking-glass, told him how handsome he looked in it, and the deal was completed. After he handed over the gold dust to me we shook hands. He then said, "Give me a present to show me you are my friend." This I willingly did. Money did not appeal to him, so my wardrobe had still further to suffer to the extent of an old cotton shirt, a black and white one, which I told him was a favourite pattern on "the great sheikh of England." Jusef was quite satisfied with his bargain, and we parted the best of friends, with the mutual wish of meeting again.

From Gezan I came back to Khartoum by land all the way, riding a horse, my baggage on a couple of camels—each camel has one man to look after it, and they take great pride in their animals—and two servants mounted on donkeys. It was a journey of somewhere between 500 and 600 miles, and through all the villages I passed—



A PROSPECTOR'S CAMP.



NATIVE HUTS, COMPLETE AND IN COURSE OF ERECTION.



SINKING FOR WATER.

and there were a great number—I met with the greatest respect and courtesy from all the sheikhs and natives, who, amongst other marks of civility, always dismounted when one passed them on the road. In parts game was fairly plentiful, roan antelope, water-buck, wild pig, koodoo (unfortunately mostly females; I only saw two bulls the whole time I was out there), gazelle, and on two occasions I came across elephant tracks. All the villages have a large number of dogs, who make the night hideous with their barking; this, coupled with the incessant braying of the donkeys, prevents one from passing as peaceful a night as one might wish. The journey is performed in easy stages, as the camels only travel two or three miles per hour, and it is impossible for anyone to travel through such a country—desert, jungle, hills, and plains—without feeling its fascination. The seed of the nomad takes root, and, in spite of all the charms of civilisation, it grows apace, and when once the sweet breath of the desert has been in one's nostrils, the desire for it again, and to drink deep, is always present.

CELTIC ART.

FOR some time past, after years of neglect, Celts and things Celtic have been rising in popular favour. We have had Pan-Celtic congresses, whatever they may be; we have heard a good deal of the Celtic fringe; and now we have from Mr. J. Romilly Allen a book on "Celtic Art in Pagan and Christian Times" (Antiquary's Books Series), which is an attempt to give a concise summary of the facts at present available for forming a theory as to the origin and development of Celtic art in Great Britain and Ireland, thereby meaning the art of the peoples of Europe who spoke the Celtic language. We are by no means clear that the time has yet come when any such book can be successfully written, for we think we are as yet a long way from the point at which the study can be properly undertaken. As Mr. Allen admits, certain artistic characteristics, such as the divergent spiral, which it was an article of faith to believe was invented in Ireland, can now be shown to be of continental, not Irish, origin. We are inclined to think that this is only one instance, and, as discoveries proceed, it will be found that nothing, or next to nothing, of decorative art is the invention of the inhabitants of these islands in early times—certainly nothing of the pre-Christian, and we doubt if much of the post-Christian, period. That a peculiar style grew up in Ireland after Christian times is clear, that there was great beauty displayed in carrying out Celtic work is proverbial, but that any of the work was due to Celtic invention in these islands we greatly doubt.

The present view is that Celtic art, as we know it, practically starts from the Hallstatt cemetery and advances through Switzerland, La Terre, the Marne cemeteries, and so to England, as what we call the late Celtic. Mr. Allen tells us he has spent twenty years in thinking out the evolution of Celtic knotwork, which he traces back to the diagonal lines found on the Bronze Age pottery, and states that out of the hundreds of sepulchral vessels of the Bronze Age found in Britain, the patterns of no two are exactly the same. He cites this as an instance of the great fertility of imagination exhibited by the Celt. We are inclined to question this; we regard it more as an instance of the extreme laziness of the Celt, not taking the trouble to produce two things alike, but always trying to get through his work with the smallest possible amount of trouble. One of the chief Celtic characteristics has always been, and still is, to get through his work with the smallest amount of labour possible; and this, we believe, lies far more at the root of the divergence of pattern in Celtic work than the so-called fertility of imagination. It is also very doubtful if the aboriginal influence on the Celts in different parts of the island was the cause of excellence of work. We have no reliable evidence to prove that the pre-Celtic inhabitants of these islands had any artistic tendencies whatever. As far as we can learn, they were savages and nothing more, and their conquerors would be more likely to have larger and better ideas of art than the uncultured Briton.

The development of the spiral motive, which is now said to be Egyptian, not Celtic, in its origin, Mr. Allen thinks, passed from Egypt to Greece, Hungary, Scandinavia, and so to Great Britain. We do not think it necessary to adopt this view. Wherever Greek art went the spiral ornament seems to have gone with it; and while we do not deny that the Northern route may have been one of the ways it got to Wales and Ireland, it is far from certain it was the only route. The curious thing about it is that it became such a favourite motive with the Celts, and especially the Irish Celts. We look in vain in Mr. Allen's book for anything like a satisfactory answer as to why this was so. We are not ourselves able to supply one, except again to refer to the constitutional laziness of the Celt. The spiral was ready to hand, easy to work, and so became adopted; any change meant more trouble—so there was no change.

The lists that Mr. Allen gives of the places where articles of Celtic art of the Bronze Age and of the Early Iron Age have



H. W. Miles. A PORTAL OF THE PAST. Copyright

been found are of great interest, as they show how large an extent of country there is, some of which must doubtless have been inhabited, where no trace of any specimen of Celtic art has been found. This goes to strengthen the view we have already put forward—that among the aboriginal or early settlers there was little, if any, idea of art; what was introduced came from the outside, and was confined to the newcomers. We have no trace of any native art. This is to some extent borne out by the description Mr. Allen gives of the two late Celtic bronze shields in the British Museum. The one from the Thames at Battersea, which Mr. Allen speaks of as the most beautiful piece of late Celtic metal-work that has survived, and on which we see the forerunner of the decorations on the Christian Celtic MSS., would in all probability have been made either abroad, or else by workmen who came from abroad, as it is found in that part of the island nearest to, and in closest touch with, the Continent; while the other shield, found in the Witham in Lincolnshire, which ought to show traces of Scandinavian art, if Mr. Allen is right as to our art stream coming from Scandinavia, and this influence flowing to the North of England, is of very inferior work, thereby showing that the best class of metal-work came here from the Southern invaders, and not from the North.

In apparent contradiction to this are the armlets. These form almost a class by themselves, and come, with one exception, from Scotland; heavy massive cast bronze of highly ornamented flamboyant work, sometimes enamelled, they form one of the puzzles of Celtic art: why should they only be found in Scotland, for whom were they made, and when were they made? There is nothing to show that they were made in Scotland, and if they had been, it seems most probable, some trace of their manufacture would have been found. But when made, and for whom, is a mystery on which Mr. Allen gives us no light, nor why the particular type is confined to Scotland. It is another remarkable fact how few specimens of Celtic art have been found in Wales; indeed, it may be said that hardly any survival of Celtic art have been found east of the Severn, and such as have been found in Wales as likely as not came from Ireland. It is most noticeable how very little Wales has added to Celtic artistic work.

One other feature of Celtic art gives rise to some interesting speculation, namely, that natural forms never appealed to the heathen Celtic as they did to late ecclesiastical sculptors, but that the heathen Celtic tendency was to desert naturalistic for geometric motives. Mr. Allen gives us no help in solving this very interesting but very difficult question; he only quotes

Dr. Arthur Evans's remark that this is the tendency of Celtic art. It is rash to venture to give an explanation when such eminent authorities are silent, but it does seem to us possible that the Celtic workmen felt their inferiority as draughtsmen, and found that geometric drawing was easier than naturalistic, so they adopted it. Probably the difference in the geometrical designs on the Irish and English work is due to a workman, or the workmen, who then practised the work of ornamentation. Probably the most interesting period of Celtic art is the transitional period between Paganism and Christianity, which is marked by two characteristics—the revival of the naturalistic, especially zoomorphic, form of ornament, and the growth in favour of the plaitwork ornament. How it was that plaitwork ornamentation became such a favourite ornament, especially on sepulchral monuments, is one of the points connected with Celtic art that has still to be explained. Previous to the introduction of Christianity examples of plaitwork are rare, but between the introduction of Christianity and the tenth century, that is, for 700 years, it is the almost universal form of sepulchral ornament. We have not space to go into another very interesting

point of Celtic art—why zoomorphic representations are so rare in Wales and so common in Scotland; why no wheel crosses exist in Ireland or Scotland; why slab crosses are so much more common in Scotland than elsewhere. We cannot help thinking that the answer is the prevalence of some form of superstition as to the efficacy and object of the sculptured memorial, which superstition was local, not general; but what it was we do not pretend to guess. We most cordially agree with Mr. Allen in his statement that the only way to arrive at any definite conclusion as to the evolution of early Christian art in Great Britain is by a careful examination and comparison of the minute details of the ornament. While we do not in all points agree with Mr. Allen's conclusions, yet we cordially welcome his book as a clear statement of the very difficult questions of which it treats. Until we had Mr. Allen's book there was no work that put the subject in a concise and popular form, and we hope that it will lead persons to study, from the number of unsolved questions it presents to the enquirer, what is perhaps the most interesting form of art that there is in these islands.

J. WILLIS BUND.

THE SONS OF THE NORTH WIND.

BY FIONA MACLEOD.

Down thro' the Northlands
Come the White Brothers,
One clad in foam
And one mailed in water—
Foam white as bear-felt,
Water like coat of mail.
Snow is the Song of Me,
Singeth the one;
Silence the Breath of Me,
Whispers the other.

SO sings a Swedish poet, a lineal descendant of one of the Saga-men whose songs the vikings carried to the ends of the world of that day. The song is called "The Sons of the North Wind," and the allusion is to an old ballad-saga common in one form or another throughout

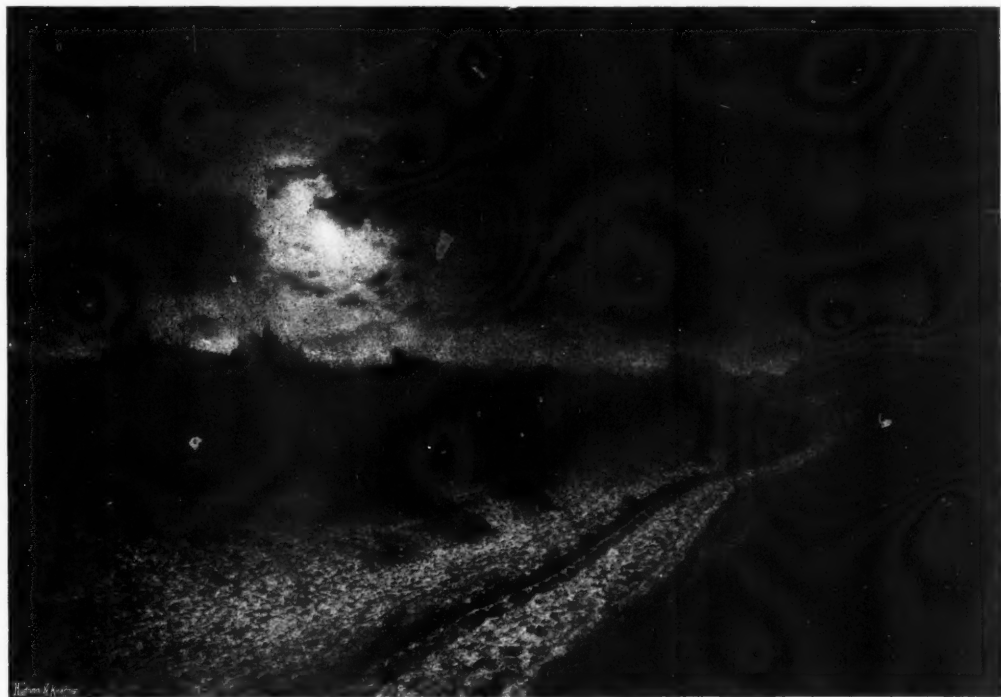
all the countries of both the Gall and the Gael . . . from Finland to the last of the island-kingdoms between Ultima Thule and the Gaelic West. The White Brothers are familiar indeed, though with us they come oftener clothed with beauty than with terror, with strange and beautiful new life rather than with the solemnity and dread aspect of death.

Among the Gaelic hills we have a prose variant of "The Sons of the North Wind," which I suppose is still told to children by the fireglow on winter evenings, as, when a child, the present writer was told it and retold it by the fireglow on many a winter evening when the crackling fall of icicles from fir-sprays near the window could be heard, or the sudden shuffle of snow in the declivities of the steep glen hard-by. The story is generally told as a tale, but sometimes the teller chants it as a *duan* or poem. For it is more a poem than a prose narrative on the lips of Gaelic speakers.

The North Wind had three sons. These Sons of the North Wind were called White-Foot and White-Wings and White-Hands. When White-Foot and White-Wings and White-Hands first came into our world from the invisible palaces, they were so beautiful that many mortals died from beholding them, while others dared not look, but fled affrighted into woods or obscure places. So when these three sons of the Great Chieftain saw that they were too radiant for the eyes of the earth-bound they receded beyond the gates of the sunset, and took counsel with the Allfather. When, through the gates of dawn, they came again they were no longer visible to men, nor, in all the long grey reaches of the years, has any since been seen of mortal eyes. How are they known, these

Sons of the North Wind? They were known of old, they are known still, only by the white feet of one treading the waves of the sea; and by the white rustle and sheen of a myriad tiny plumes as the other unfolds great pinions above hills and valleys, woodlands and garths and the homes of men; and by the white silence of dream that the third lays upon moving waters, and the windless boughs of trees, upon the reed by the silent loch, upon the grass by the silent tarn, upon the bracken by the unfalling hill-stream hanging like a scarf among the rock and mountain-ash. We know them no more by their ancient names or in their immortal body, but only thus by the radiance of their passing, and we call them the Polar Wind, and Snow, and Ice.

It is at this season, in all northern lands, that the miracle of the snow-change, the new beauty of the snow-world, is transcendent. Truly, it is miraculous, that change: that new world,



J. H. Andries.

"IN THUNDER, LIGHTNING, AND IN RAIN."

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what a revelation it is, showing us the familiar as we have never known it or have of it but a dreamlike remembrance, showing it to us at times as we can hardly conceive it. To the continual element of surprise much has to be attributed, in our country at least. In lands like Scandinavia and Russia the periodicity and uniformity of the snow-vestment of earth take much from this element of surprise. Hardly have the inhabitants grown used to the greenness of grass and sprouting grain and fluttering leaf, after the long months of a silent whiteness become dreadful as a shroud, when a grey pall is spun out of the east once more and out of the north comes the wind of death, and the leaf is gone



W. Thomas.

BENT TO THE STORM.

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away on the polar air, the grain is gathered or withered, the sere grass fades like wintry grey-green seas fading into continual foam.

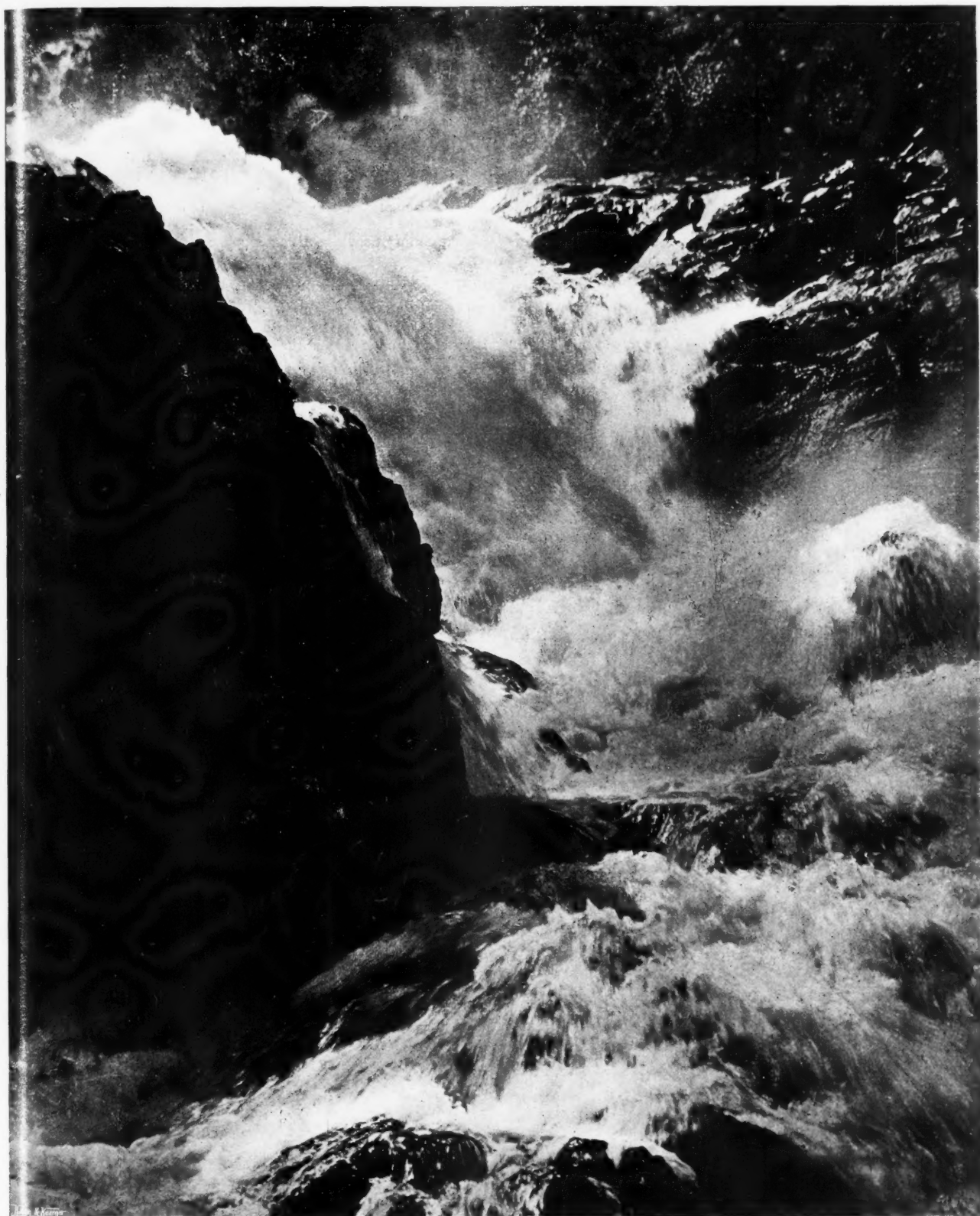
Not so with us, who have those visitors, who can be so dread even here, for so short a time. The dark sword-thrust of the ice, compelling moving waters to silence and the blue rigour of steel, may reign for weeks in the Anglian fen-lands. Dense mantles of snow may cover the hills of the north for months, and the foreheads of Nevis and Schiehallion be white from the autumnal equinox till cuckoo-cry: for weeks the hill-fox and the mountain-hare may not drink at the frozen tarns, the moor-pastures may be lost to deer and sheep, and only the ptarmigan survive in the waste white places: for a week or two the boughs of the oak and chestnut, the plumes of the spruce and hemlock, the tresses of the larch and birch, may bend with the unmelting snowfall. But, at the worst, it is never long before a wind out of the south, or from the wet mouth of the west, breathes upon the fens, and the silence is become a faint stir, a whisper, a rustle; till the moveless steel is become a film, to be gathered some noon, like May-dew from the thickets, the autumn-frost from the whin and gorse. It is never long till the *meh-ing* of the sheep is again a sweet lamentation upon the hill-pastures, or till the fox dusts the last snow from his root-roof in the wintry glen, or till the jay screams in the woodlands as from fir-plume and oak-bough slip or fall with heavy thump their unloosened burthens. True, the Sons of the North Wind, as in the Highland West and North we know so well and often to such bitter cost, may come to us with suddenness of tempest, raging in their mysterious wrath, and may long endure, trampling upon life, as, in the old legend, the gigantic phantom-men of the Northern Lights trample the souls of the dead condemned to Ifurin, the Gaelic hell. Every year, there is sorrow upon some strath, grief in the glens, lamentation by hillside and moor. From the Ord of Sutherland to Land's End there may be a tale of disaster. Snowdrift, snow-storm, snow-fog may paralyse communications and bring deep anxiety or irremediable grief to an incalculable number. Yet, we must admit that even our severest winter is but a fierce reminder of times long past for us, the times of the mail-coach, the rude cart, the mountain-pony: that the worst we ever have is tolerable beside the bleak wretchedness of Pomerania, the frightful cold of Esthonia, the death-in-life of Muscovy—to say nothing of lands still more wild and remote.

One cannot say, here is snow at its loveliest, here is ice in a unique beauty. Frozen lochs by moonlight, frozen fens under the pale azure of cloudless noons, dark winding rivers, lifeless seemingly in the grip of frost, traversed by starshine under overhanging boughs, lagoons where the dark-blue or steel-blue

ice mirrors the drifting cloud or the flying skater, village-ponds, canals, the water-ways of towns and cities, in all, in each, the radiant miracle is evident. Like moonshine, this beauty of ice or snow may be omnipresent. If it inhabits the wilderness, it is fulfilled also in the streets of cities. Who has not looked out on the sordid thoroughfares of a town, and seen the poor ignoble disarray of chimney-tops and slated roofs and crude angles and ornamentations take on a new and entrancing aspect, so that even the untidy shops and tawdry dwellings assume a crown of loveliness, and the long, dull, perspectives of monotonous roads might be the trampled avenues about the gates of fairyland? The most sordid hamlet in the dreariest manufacturing-region may, suddenly, awake to a dawn so wonderful in what it reveals that the villagers might well believe, as in the old folk-tale, that Christ had passed that way in the night and left the world white and husht, stainlessly pure. But, of course, we have each of us our preferences. Some love best to see the long swelling reaches of ploughed lands covered with new fallen snow not too heavy to hide the wave-like procession of the hidden furrows. Some love best to look on wide interminable wolds, a solitude of unbroken whiteness, without even the shadow of a cloud or the half-light of a grey sky: some, upon familiar pastures now changed as though in the night the fields had receded into the earth and the fields of another world had silently sunk into their place: some, upon mountain-slopes, on whose vast walls the shadows of wheeling hawks and curlews pass like pale blue scimitars: some, on woodlands, where from the topmost elm-bough to the lowest fir-plume or outspread bough of cedar the immaculate soft burthens miraculously suspend. For myself—after the supreme loveliness of snowy mountain-ranges at dawn or sunset or moonglow—I am most entranced by snow in a pine-forest. The more so if, as in one my mind recreates for me as I write, there are glades where I can come to a rock whence an overleaning white hill may be seen as though falling out of heaven, with white mountains beyond, white shoulders lapsing on white shoulders, white peaks rising beyond white peaks, white crests fading into further snowy crests, and, nearer, it may be, glens sinking into glens, no longer a sombre green, but a though stilled avalanches awaiting a magician's unloosening spell. Once, just there, in just such a place, I saw a wonderful sight. The January frosts had gone, and February had come in with the soft sighing of a wind out of the south. The snows faded like morning-mists. But after three days the north wind came again in the night. At dawn it veered, and a light snow fell once more, then thick and moist and flaky, and by noon had changed to rain. But an hour or so later the polar breath once

more came over the brows of the hills, and with midwinter intensity. The rain was frozen on every bough, on every branch, on every spray, on every twig, on every leaf, on every frond of bracken, on every spire of reed, on every blade of grass. The world had become cased in shining ice, crystalline, exquisite in radiant beauty, ineffable, as in a trance, the ecstasy of the Unknown Dreamer. At sundown the vast orb of blood-red flame sank over the glens and burned among the aisles of the forest. Looking at the ice-mailed wilderness of bole and bough and branch between me and the sun I saw a forest of living fire, wherein, as a wind stirred and threw sudden shadows, phantoms of flame moved to and fro, or stood, terrible children of light, as though entranced, as though listening, as though looking on Life or on Death. When at last the flame was all gathered up out of the west, and an aura of faint rose hung under the first glittering stars, an extraordinary ocean of yellow

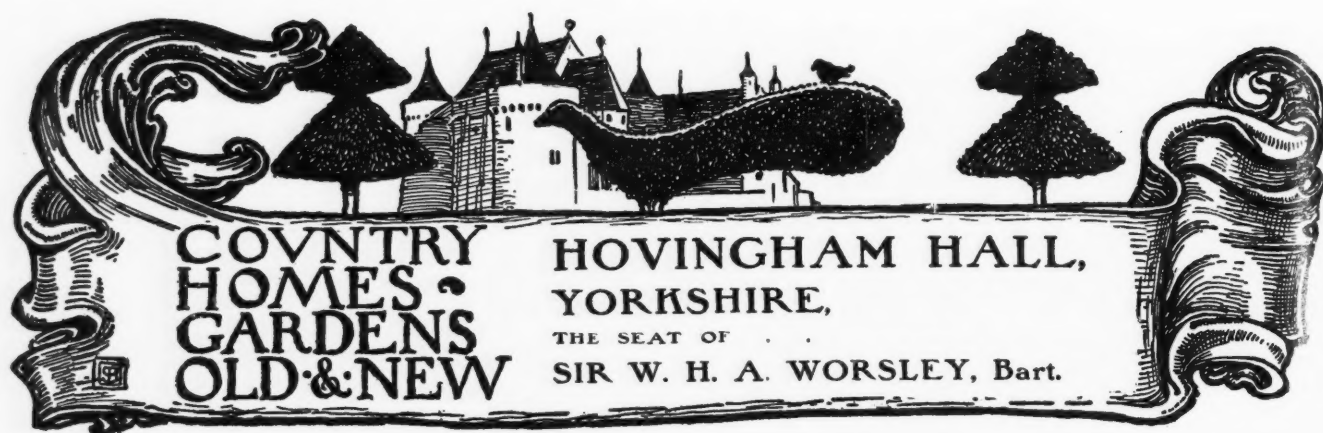
rose from the horizons, serrated with immense mauve peninsulas and long narrow grass-green lagoons. But the mass of the western firmament was yellow, from the orange-yellow of lichen and the orange-red of the dandelion to the faint vanishing yellows of cowslip and primrose. How lovely then were the trees which had been set on fire by the unconsuming flames of the sunset: what a fairyland, now, of delicate amber and translucent topaz. What mysterious colonnades, what avenues of lovely light! And then, later, to turn, and see the chill grey-blue ice-bound trees behind one filling slowly with moonshine, as the immensity of ocean fills, wave after wave, at moonrise, when a cloud is slowly uplifted by mysterious withdrawing airs! Then, truly, was Dreamland no longer a phantasy of sleep, but a loveliness so great that, like deep music, there could be no words wherewith to measure it, but only the breathless unspoken speech of the soul upon whom has fallen the secret dews.



G. W. Perkins.

CLANGOROUS WATER.

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HOVINGHAM HALL is a house of a solid, dignified, notable class, of which there are very many in Yorkshire. Its plain but attractive classic forms bespeak, we may say, the sober reign of George III. Its remarkable rusticated gateway, with the gable of its riding-house or riding-school behind—for the Yorkshireman ever loves his horse—and the inscription below the pediment, "Virtus in actione consistit," deceived Young in his "Six Months' Tour" into the impression that it was a hospital; but he soon discovered that it was a fine classic mansion, approached through the "anti-space of two stables," and having classic bronzes, notable portraits, and fine frescoes for its adornment within. The builder was Mr. Thomas Worsley, M.P., descended from an ancient family, who was Surveyor-General of the Board of Works in the reign of George III. This gentleman's grandfather had married a co-heiress of the ancient Yorkshire family of Arthington, and his father had espoused the daughter of Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart., the latter lady being a great-great-grand-daughter of Oliver Cromwell, whereby the Worsleys of Hovingham can trace their descent on the distaff side to the

Lord Protector. Mr. Worsley, as befitted the Surveyor-General of the Board of Works, built solidly and well. His eldest son, the Rev. George Worsley, rector of Stonegrave and Scawton, married the daughter of Sir Thomas Cayley, Bart.; and their eldest surviving son, William, a well-known Yorkshireman, was raised to the baronetage in 1838, and was the grand-uncle of the present baronet. The estate is a noble and attractive one, with much rich pasture in the lower land, magnificent woods on the heights, and particularly splendid individual trees.

The country about Hovingham possesses a high degree of landscape beauty and historic interest. In all the broad acres of that county of which Dryden says:

"A kingdom that doth seem a province at the least,
To them that think themselves no simple shires to be,"

there is no region more attractive than the valley of the river Rye. It is the fairest of those several streams which carve their way, each in its romantic dale, through the long southern slope of the North Yorkshire hills, to unite their waters in the Vale of Pickering—the Seven, the Dove, the Riccal, and many more.





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YEWES AND THEIR SHADOWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Through a noble course the river runs on leaving its moorland source, the range of the Hambleton Hills turning it south-eastward, the hoary remains of Rievaulx Abbey standing on its banks, the noble woods of Duncombe Park overlooking its waters, the venerable castle of Helmsley standing guard, and all the lower country through which it flows, and over which Hovingham looks, spread out in the pastoral beauty of the English champaign. Through this country marched the

legionaries of Rome, along a road which is surely marked by the name of Barton-le-Street—Barton on the road—through the gap in the hills towards Catterick. The provincials had their villas hereabout, on the pleasant slopes of the hills—now called "Howardian," because of the neighbourhood of the great domain of Howard, Earl of Carlisle—and when Mr. Worsley was forming or remodelling his gardens, in or about 1745, his workmen came upon a Roman hypocaust and bath, and evident traces of the existence of an ancient villa were unearthed.

This historic ground was nobly chosen for the site of the mansion, and it is easy to imagine the satisfaction which the builder and adorer found in contemplating the entrancing scene spread out before him. Eastmead, in that rare book the "Historia Rievallensis" (1824), writes with enthusiasm of the romantic prospect, as he beheld it from a rude seat beneath an



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THE GATEHOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

west are the grand wooded hills through which the river makes its way. The scene seemed to Eastmead idyllic, and to express the charm of English rural life. "During the annual festival, in the autumn," he says, "the crowds of gaily-dressed inhabitants, or their visitors, who pour from the village, covering the side of the hill, to witness the rural sports and festivities in the vale below, give liveliness, gaiety, and animation to the scene, which is not less lovely when traversed by the silent footstep or contemplative eye."

It is pleasant, therefore, to bring before our readers some pictures of exceptional merit, admirably illustrative of the mansion and its immediate surroundings. The gatehouse is, perhaps, especially characteristic of this part of England, in its solid simplicity, and the writer knows other houses in the same county, no longer maintained like Hovingham, in which the

aged fir standing in the park on a height known as Pickering Knoll. The house stands on the northern slope of the "Howardian Hills," with great woods behind it, and the broad expanse of the park is below, with its lake and stream, the singular height of Caulkess Hill rising in front and shutting off a view of part of Ryedale, which, however, opens out a magnificent prospect to the east over Slingsby, Barton, Pickering, and other places, to the distant level edges of the wolds, while to the north and



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THE WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE SOUTH WALK.

Copyright



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THE NORTH WALK.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

same individuality is expressed. The tree that overhangs the wall, and the posts, chains, and margins of turf which flank the entrance fall admirably into the picture. The west front also belongs indubitably to the shire, and the rusticated arcading of the wall-spaces, the round-headed doorways and windows, and the plain pediment with its little circular light are quite noteworthy.

Of the park we shall not speak further, except to say that its woods are magnificent and its landscape charms of great beauty. The gardens are well illustrated, and are in simple harmony with the house. Their great distinction is in their noble yews, and their green expanses of turf. Growing naturally, cut as hedges, or shaped in huge and massive forms by the skilful topiary hand, these yews give strong character to the place. They are used rightly to enframe gardens, and to form the background of lovely colonies of flowers. Over them rise beautiful trees of varied foliage, and there is a charming feature, seen from the north walk, in the old dove-cote with its weather-vane.

Much will the privileged

visitor be tempted to linger in this enchanting region, and he may pursue his ramble to scenes of the highest historic interest. The village of Hovingham enjoys a certain celebrity, not only for its picturesque character and noble surroundings, but for its possession of a spa, with three springs—sulphur-sodiac, chalybeate, and pure rock water—which, as the guide-book unkindly says, diffuse "an odour of rotten eggs." Those who are not attracted thereby may visit the ancient church, rebuilt in 1860, with the exception of its unbuttressed Saxon tower, which is seen from the garden of Hovingham, and notice its ancient sculptures and the monuments of the Worsley family.

IN THE GARDEN.

SOWING HALF-HARDY FLOWERS UNDER GLASS.

MUCH of the summer beauty of a garden comes from the half-hardy flowers that should be sown under glass at this season of the year. By "half-hardy" we mean things that are partly exotic, the Begonia, Petunia, Verbena, and Plox Drummondii, and a few packets of seed will give a remarkable wealth of plants. The tuberous Begonia is one of the showiest of summer flowers, and much improvement has been made in the



Copyright

THE ROSE GARDEN.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

growth of the plant and colouring of the petals during the past few years. At one time the stems were tall, straggling, and the flowers poor in colour; but now the growth is compact, without any undue "dwarfing," leafy, and the flowers stand up boldly—look one, so to say, straight in the face. This is exactly what is required in a plant that is selected for its usefulness in giving masses of colour; and how beautiful is the colouring in a well-chosen strain of tuberous Begonias—white, as pure as snow, orange, apricot, scarlet, crimson, rose, pink, buff, and shades running into each other, without either a crude or unpleasant effect! The same may be written of the Petunia, Verbena, and *Diamond's Phlox*, and the way to raise the seed is much the same. Sow it thinly in shallow pans or pots filled with light soil, and place in a temperature such as is afforded by a warm frame, greenhouse, or a hot-bed; about 55deg. will suffice. When the seedlings are sufficiently large to handle prick them out into other pans, and then pot on, reducing the heat as the plants attain strength. It is a mistake to "buddle" plants intended for the open garden. The growth soon becomes weakly, and they seldom recover from this early weakening, with the result that cold days in early summer so wreck the chances of a brilliant display that it is needful to purchase at the moment a fresh supply. When ordering the seed bear in mind the importance of gaining fresh and pure colours. Many of the Petunias are very poor, the flowers too large, flabby, and dabbled with magenta, purple, and shades as harsh and ineffective. Their effect in the bright sunshine of a summer day is deplorable.

GARDEN WORK.

Much depends upon the weather as to the work that can be done in the garden at this time; but all pruning should be finished, the surface soil of beds and borders lightly pricked over, Roses and fruit trees planted, and a list of the most beautiful annual flowers, not omitting the Sweet Peas, compiled for sending to the nurseryman. When looking over the garden a few days ago, it occurred to the writer that very little had been written in these notes about the Lily of the Valley. We intend this year to give our beds of this always-welcome flower a thorough top-dressing with clearings from the chicken-run. A well-known grower advises this manure, and writes: "The best border Lilies of the Valley that I have ever seen were lightly top-dressed at the end of January with the refuse from fowl-houses, which was kept well dusted with slaked lime. A good layer of rotten manure, or a mixture of manure and leaf soil, will also, in most soils, give good results. If the ground is heavy, the addition of some sharp sand will be helpful. In many gardens home-grown crowns are forced for supplies of cut flowers from now onwards; and in such places it is convenient to take up, as required, breadths of three year old or older crowns. After sufficient of the best crowns have been picked out for forcing, the remainder should be graded into two or three sizes and replanted. Unless the old soil can be removed and a fresh bed made, it will be advisable to replant these crowns in a fresh place; and for this purpose no position is better than a moist border at the foot of a shady wall. For the earliest supply of outdoor flowers select a southern aspect. A light, loamy soil, well worked, and enriched with a good quantity of manure, will grow beautiful Lilies of the Valley. Before planting, the soil must be made fairly firm. Surplus crowns, no matter how weakly, if planted in a moist spot in a wood, will, in a year or so, flower abundantly."

RANDOM NOTES.

A Winter-flowering Wallflower.—Many readers will hail with delight a Wallflower that scents the house in the depth of winter. The name of this rarity is *Cheiranthus kewensis*, and it was raised in the Royal Gardens, Kew, by crossing a kind named *mutabilis* with the common Wallflower we know so well. Of course, it must be grown in a pot in the greenhouse, but it is well worth the trouble. There is a charm in novelty, especially when this is beautiful and interesting. The flowers are of many colourings, but the chief shade is a soft purple, which, happily, never merges into magenta.

Insect Pests and Pot Roses.—A correspondent asks how to destroy mildew and other pests that are attacking Roses in pots in a greenhouse. As the answer may be of general interest, we will briefly describe the chief pests to which pot Roses are subject when they are grown under glass. Green-fly and red spider are familiar, and for the former nothing is more deadly than fumigation with the XL All sheets. Smoke the house immediately green-fly is detected, as it quickly spreads, and then eradication becomes more difficult. Red spider is quickly destroyed when the undersides of the leaves are thoroughly syringed. It luxuriates in a dry atmosphere, and moisture is fatal. Maggot affects the buds, and the mischief is often done before its presence is detected. Watch carefully for the small black grubs, and destroy them at once. Mildew is the most familiar pest, and only a strong and steady growth will prevent it spreading to other plants. It is

brought about by draughts, dryness at the root, or over-doses of liquid manure; in fact, any violent disturbance. A good remedy is composed as follows: Lime and soft soap, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of each, and 1 lb. of sulphur, which should be boiled in 1 gal. of soft water. When this has been well strained, bottle it, and use half a pint to 2 gal. of soft water. The plants should be well syringed with this mixture on the upper and lower surfaces of the leaves.

A New Tobacco Flower.—Flower gardeners will have an opportunity this spring of purchasing seed of a new Tobacco flower called *Nicotiana Sandere*, and we give this name, as it is known thus in nurserymen's catalogues. It will soon be time to sow the seed, but, as there is likely to be a large demand for it, orders should be sent in at once. The sweet or night-scented Tobacco



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TYPES OF YEWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

(*N. affinis*) has won the affections of gardeners of all degrees, and the newer *Sylvestris* is so common as to lead one to think that it came here in the days of Parkinson; but *Sandere* is a break away from these, especially in the colouring, a warm crimson, which the sun lights up with a peculiarly beautiful glow—a shade of crimson we may see in many a Tea Rose. A bed of it will give the colouring of a Geranium, without its formality. We shall watch the future of this remarkable plant with considerable interest. It should be a flower for the people.

A Yew Hedge.—Mrs. Leslie writes: "Last autumn we put in a Yew hedge. Yews grow fast and well in this chalk soil (Winchester). The trees



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HOVINGHAM HALL: GARDEN PATH TO THE CHURCH.

"C.L."

are strong and about 5½ ft. high, and are well planted in turf. Will you kindly give me some advice about pruning and shaping the Yews, so that they may grow into a thick hedge, and how to trim an end one into a round shape, with the main stem growing out of it?"

[As your hedge has been planted recently, no pruning will be required this year; but in May, 1906, clip it well over, cutting back rather hard where the plants are bushy, and more lightly where they are narrower. Care must be taken to keep a good line when clipping. The hedge could be trimmed this year with a knife, simply removing any long growths that are not required; but avoid regular pruning. The end can be clipped round at the same time as the rest of the hedge, and if you require a round-headed standard,

standing above the top of the hedge, allow the stem to grow to the desired height, and then cut it round as it grows. In course of time it will form a small head; but the Yew is of rather slow growth, and many years must elapse before any size is attained. The stem below the head should not be trimmed bare all at once, but the growth kept shortened in for two or three years, gradually cutting away more each time, until the stem is bare or partly furnished as required. If the stem is trimmed bare at once, a longer time will elapse before the head is formed. Sun shining on the bare stem has the effect of hardening the bark and checking that free development necessary in the case of young growing stems.—Ed.]

A Purple-flowered Greenhouse Plant.—The great beauty of *Lasiandra macrantha*, when trained to the roof of a glass structure, is, and has been for several years past, well shown in one of the greenhouses at Kew, as it bears its large, showy, purplish blue flowers throughout autumn and winter. Notwithstanding this object-lesson the *Lasiandra* is seldom used in this way, and is rarely mentioned in any selection of roof and rafter plants. True,

in an ordinary cold greenhouse, that is to say, where a temperature just sufficient to keep out the frost is maintained, the *Lasiandra* will not thrive, as it needs a light, buoyant atmosphere for its flower development during the darkest period of the year. A minimum temperature of 45deg. to 50deg., rising 10deg. or so during the day, will suit it well. *Pleroma macrantha* is another familiar name for it. While the above must be regarded as a plant of easy culture, one of its immediate allies is extremely fastidious in this respect; this is *Pleroma elegans*, which was introduced by Mr. William Lobb from the mountains of Brazil, and first flowered with Messrs. Veitch in the summer of 1846. *Pleroma elegans* forms a branching shrub, that will flower when not more than 18in. high, though it is said to reach a height of 5ft. The leaves are each about 2in. long and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in width, and bright shining green on the upper surface. The flowers, which are 2in. or so in diameter, are of a very rich velvety purple colour, and are borne freely at the points of the shoots. A cool moist structure, suggestive of an *Odontoglossum* house, seems to suit this *Pleroma* best.

SMALL LAUNDRIES FOR COUNTRY HOUSES.

THERE are few country establishments which do not possess at least an outhouse where laundry operations are carried out in one form or another. Although public laundries in the country have gradually increased in number, and will probably multiply still further as the use of motor-cars becomes more possible for the collecting and distributing of the washing, still there will always remain the irresponsible carelessness associated with these establishments, which personal supervision can alone remove. The majority of people, therefore, will continue to find it far more economical and very much less vexatious to conduct their washing at home, even if the opportunity of sending to a public laundry presents itself. In a private laundry, however, the equipment and general arrangements are often very primitive; and in very many cases an immense amount of unnecessary labour may be saved by improving these imperfections at a comparatively small outlay. At the present time, when people pay more attention to the health of their servants than used to be the case, the advantage of having healthily-planned rooms, where the trying work of washing can be carried out, is undeniable, and in itself will often be the means of avoiding possible sickness and inefficiency in the washing staff. This is more particularly the case in a laundry where women are employed, and any saving given to their bodily exertions is repaid amply in the greater quantity of useful work they can get through. It is not to be understood from this that very large rooms, steam-power, or heavy apparatus always relieve the employees. Too many mechanical contrivances seldom work satisfactorily in the hands of women. Very large rooms often make a great deal of unnecessary running to and fro; the experience of dressing in a large bedroom may exemplify this. Then, again, the heavy coal consumption necessary to maintain warmth where many doors and big spaces are concerned is to be avoided.

These facts, taken together, point to a not too large but carefully-planned laundry as being the most efficient; and it is

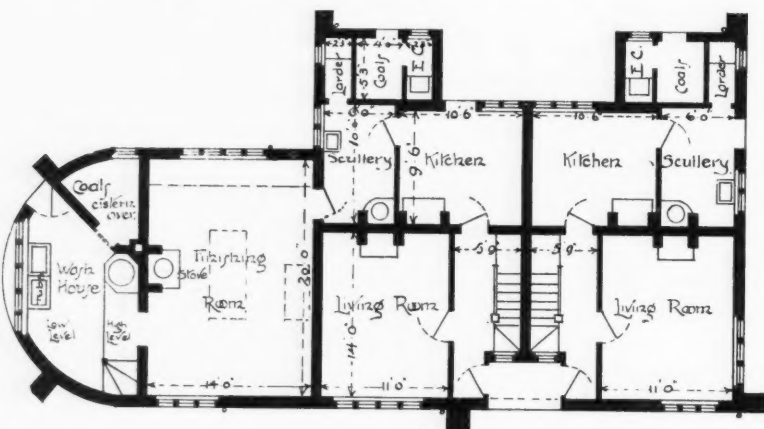


ASHURST—ELEVATION TO ROAD.

proposed in this article to deal mainly with the simplest possible arrangement for, say, the washing of twelve or fifteen people. The plan of a laundry which has been working satisfactorily for about ten years is also given. This is suitable for larger establishments, where the services of, say, three laundry-maids are required.

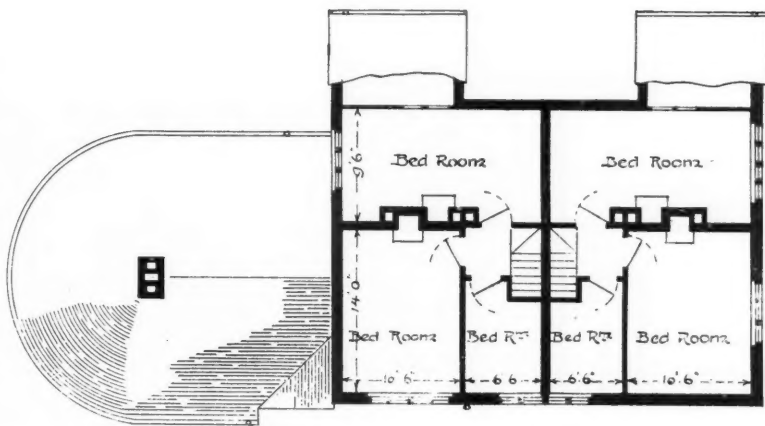
When the idea first occurs to anyone of improving an existing laundry, or building an entirely new one, the chief thought in deciding what to do should unquestionably be a consideration of the site, and whether the present position, or the proposed new site, is a suitable one for the purpose. It is not always possible to make use of the most ideal spot from the point of view of the laundry itself, because the drying-ground, which is hardly at any time an ornament to the landscape, has to be placed as near the laundry as possible. There is again the danger that in trying to hide away the drying-ground, one may be cutting off its proper allowance of sunlight and air. Many ways will suggest themselves for screening the drying-ground. In some districts a yew hedge will not require the proverbial fifty years to grow to a height of 7ft., but will accomplish its purpose in about seven years. The plants being 3ft. 6in. to start with, during this period trellis and oak posts may serve as a substitute for the hedge, or the hedge might even be omitted altogether if the trellis was well covered. Another point which will frequently influence the site is whether, in the absence of a water company's main, a good natural supply is at hand. This is often the chief impediment to the possession of a laundry at all; and it may also happen that when building the laundry at a distance from any system of drainage, a suitable slope for the discharge of the same will have to be found. Apart from the last two considerations, and so long as the site is sufficiently shielded from view, it will be fairly obvious to most people that the more air and sun the site happens to possess, the better.

A glance at the accompanying plans will show that in both cases a cottage is attached to the laundry building, proper. It is not essential that anything but the actual laundry should be built, but as it is rarely the case that an estate has too many cottages upon it, any landlord will at once see the advantage of gaining at least one cottage for the use of the laundry-maids, or even a second cottage by making use of the party wall. Where possible it is always best to keep the laundry buildings of one storey only, mainly for the reason that ventilation can be managed much more easily. This is especially the case with regard to the wash-house, where an outlet should be provided at the highest point in the ceiling. This is an important point, since what is known



ASHURST—GROUND PLAN.

as "dead air" is particularly unsanitary in a wash-house. The one-storey arrangement will also permit of a top light, if desired. A very careful construction is necessary in putting this in, otherwise it may become a great drawback, owing to the condensation water from the steam being improperly collected, and consequently dropping into the room beneath. There is another even more serious danger arising in placing any bedrooms over the laundry-rooms, namely, that of fire; and for this reason a good girt wall, carried well up to the roof, should always separate the adjoining cottage. Particularly in a small laundry, the finishing-room should be given windows at each end, so that a good draught can be obtained at will. The ventilator should be placed level with the ceiling. This arrangement works well if carried up in a separate shaft,



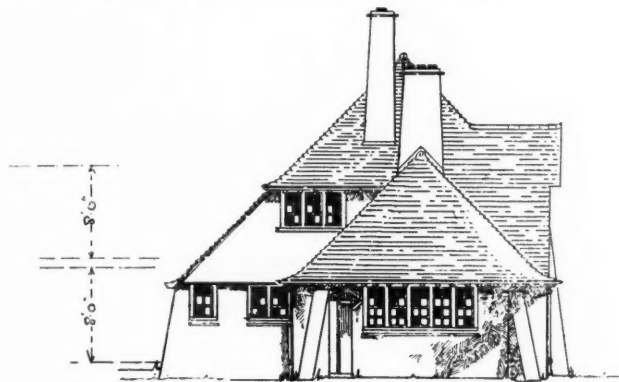
ASHURST-BEDROOM PLAN.

being swabbed down, is required. Few things, however, are so good or lasting as thick cement paving, with broad shallow grooves for the purpose of conducting the water to the outlet. It is true, one frequently sees bad cement paving, but in nine cases out of ten this is due to either bad cement or too thin a coating; the wash-house paving should be not less than 1½ in. thick.

We now come to the walls. If the building is to be done thoroughly well, glazed brickwork for the inside and stone or half-timber work for

the exterior will leave nothing further to be desired. But where economy has to be practised, and a fairly presentable exterior, consistent with good work, is aimed at, hard rough bricks covered with cement rough-cast well pressed in will stand the weather and look neat and quiet. This treatment, at the same time, has the merit of being moderate in cost. The inside walls of the finishing-room may, in this case, be covered with any quick-drying, non-absorbent plaster, and the brick walls of the wash-house may simply be coloured white.

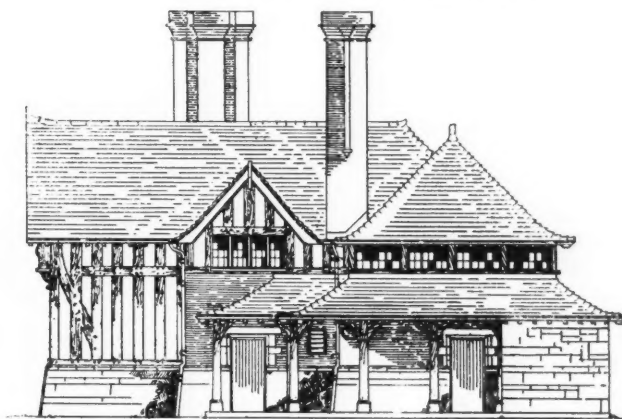
It is a recognised fact that endless trouble may be caused through servants not having the apparatus that they are accustomed to use. This applies not only to new kitchen ranges, which are seldom, if ever, approved of by cooks, however worn



ASHURST-DOWN HILL ELEVATION.

warmed between the two flues of the chimney-stack. The position of the ironing-tables is best finally decided on when the building is finished, as it often depends on the quality of light available from the different windows. In planning, it is well to place the doors so that they are not actually in the angle of the room, thus leaving space for a long ironing-board opposite the windows. The wash-house, for reasons mentioned later on, is best arranged, where possible, in two levels, so that the copper is about 18 in. higher than the tubs. The coal-cellar should be handy to the copper fire. Over the coal-cellar or drying-chamber, should there be one, convenient space will be found for placing the storage-tank. It should not be less than 600 gallons capacity, so that, should any breakdown in the water supply occur, there will still be a good storage of water.

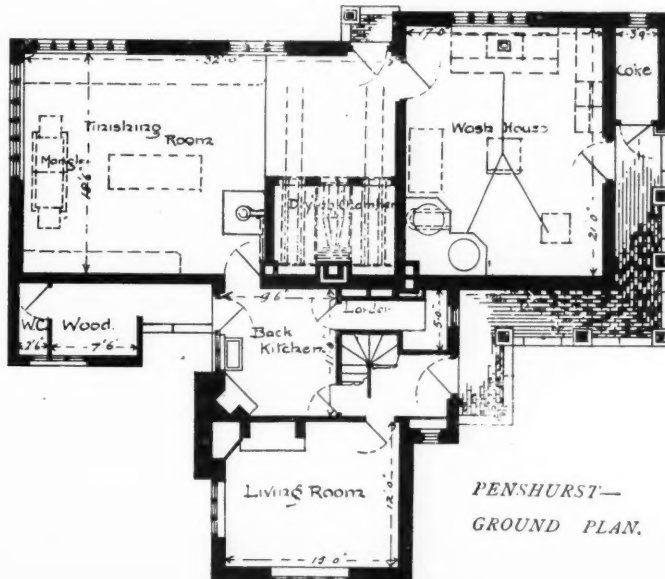
One consideration of great importance is to have the floors made of the very best materials. The floor of the finishing-room is constantly being scrubbed, and nothing but the best oak or pitch-pine blocks will withstand this cleansing process. The blocks should be laid in pitch upon cement-rendered concrete, and if a little patience is exercised in waiting till all the building-work is thoroughly dry before the blocks are put in, they will remain free from cracks, and will last twice as long as they would otherwise do. For the wash-house floor an endless variety of grooved bricks and tiles will suggest themselves. The floor is seldom, if ever, dry, and, therefore, material impervious to water, and capable of easily



PENSHURST-NORTH ELEVATION.

out and futile the old one may have been; but the same difficulty occurs very frequently with laundry contrivances. Where it is possible, it is doubtless the best plan to consider the servants' point of view; stopping short, however, where an obviously antiquated type of machine is demanded in preference to a more useful and modern one. For instance, a case is known to have

occurred where a cheaply-made, imperfect mangle was actually demanded in place of the existing mangle, which was of the very latest type, and performed its work easily and perfectly. In this case the laundry-maid departed and the mangle remained. On the other hand, the practice of makers of laundry apparatus in putting the boiler that supplies the hot water for the tubs under the copper, so as to be heated by the copper fire, is not generally understood by laundry-maids, and they frequently light up the fire and obtain their hot water without previously filling the copper. The consequence is that coppers are too frequently burnt through in an incredibly short space of time owing to this arrangement. Unquestionably the best and simplest plan in



PENSHURST-GROUND PLAN.

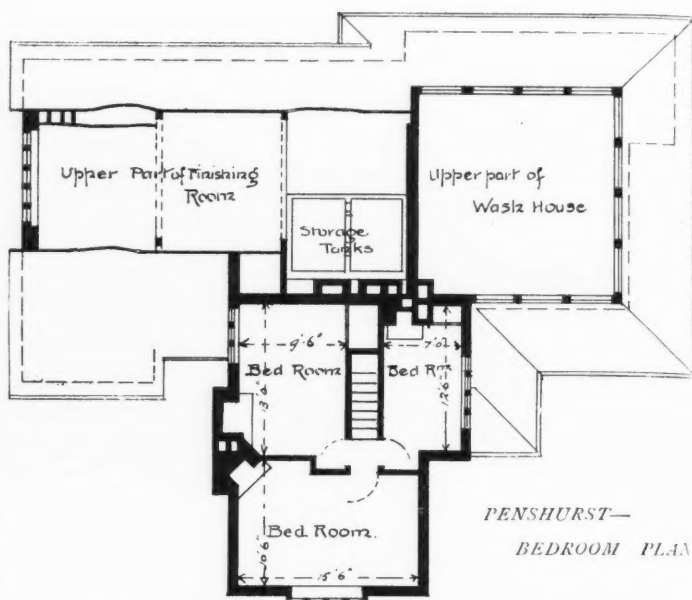
small laundries is to do away with the boiler, and in its place raise the copper high enough to allow the water which has been boiled in it to flow through a pipe and taps by gravity into the tubs.

Another instance where simplicity may with advantage be practised is with regard to the drying apparatus; again the lighter and more simple it can be made the better. Very few plans are so good as a system of light frames or battens worked with a cord and pulley, so that the clothes can be hung upon them, and drawn up to the level of the ceiling. In cases where this method of drying is not quick enough, a drying-chamber becomes a necessity, and the employment of either radiating or rolling clothes-horses. It can only be said that the latter, although excellent in theory, are sometimes bitterly complained of on account of their weight, and if made of wood rapidly deteriorate from the heat of the stove. The radiating pattern, however, consisting of arms pivoted from a centre column, is light to handle and easy to manage.

On the subject of washing-tubs, one has to consider the advantages of glazed ware as against wood. The whole objection against glazed ware lies in the rapid cooling of the water placed in it; but this is so great a disadvantage that in private laundries a good pitch-pine tub is almost preferable.

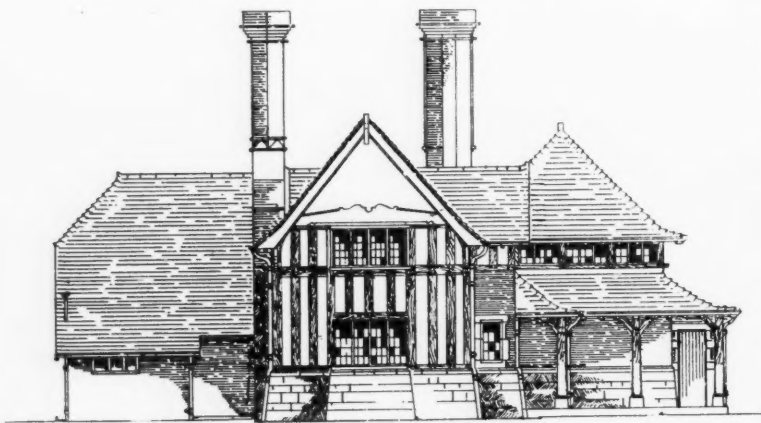
The drainage often presents a difficulty, owing to the great quantity of soapy water to be dealt with; so long as the drain-pipes are well ventilated, it is best to take this well away from the building. A word on what is often a great source of offence may not be out of place. A trickling overflow from a cesspool or a drain-pipe is always to be avoided, and few plans answer so well as a small water-tight cesspit, say of 300 gal., with an intermittent syphon discharge. There is no trickle from this arrangement, with the result that it will work for years with perfect sweetness while discharging over the same area.

Referring more particularly to the outside of the buildings here illustrated, the architect of which is Mr. M. Maberly Smith, it should be said that the larger laundry erected at Redleaf, Penshurst, has been built for some time, as before



mentioned, and might almost appear to the casual passer-by to be fifty or sixty years old. This effect of age in a short space of time can only be obtained by the use of materials which take the weather quickly, combined with the careful adherence in detail to old examples. Half-timber work, if not oiled or varnished, will quickly turn a silvery grey, very much the colour of the genuine old work; and sandstone, where the joints are well pressed in, will rapidly cover with green lichen. Of course, such an invitation to the weather to cloak one's building with age must also be coupled with the precaution of placing a cavity or hollow wall behind the stone and timber-work, otherwise the inside walls will be damp. In this building the wash-house roof has been made a considerable feature; and, at the same time, the windows placed all round the upper portion of it give ample opportunity for getting rid of the steam, whatever may be the direction of the wind. The covered way seen below the wash-house roof, and having a free access of air beneath it, is purposely placed to take the brilliantly-coloured lichens so often found on old tiled roofs, from its position catching the water from the roof above.

The style of architecture adopted in the smaller laundry, which is built at Ashurst, Kent, is totally different from that just described. A building of this kind can be constructed at half the cost of the preceding one, and the quaintness of form produced by small buttresses and battered chimneys can be used to redeem it from the commonplace. The wash-house here, again, is the principal feature, and presents an attractive semi-circular end looking down the hill on which the laundry is built.



PENSURST—EAST ELEVATION.

ALMS OF THE CHEST & ALMS OF THE DISH.

OLD TESTAMENT history fully proves that the duty of alms-giving was recognised by the ancient Israelites. Not only are rules laid down as to the collection and distribution of alms, but descriptions are given of various receptacles for these votive offerings. We read of an impromptu money-box made by Jehoiada the priest, who, having bored a hole in the lid of a chest, set this latter beside the altar, that the priest who kept the door might put therein all the money brought into the Temple. When the box appeared to be full, its contents were counted and transferred to bags by the King's Scribe and the High Priest, and set apart as payment for the necessary repairs of the building.

The Women's Court in the Temple contained no less than thirteen receptacles for voluntary alms. It may be presumed that these were intended for a variety of charities, for mention is made of one in particular as being devoted to a collection for furthering the education of poor children of good family. Trumpet-shaped alms-boxes were also included in the furnishing of the Temple, showing that opportunity was not lacking for the display of that charity which, in the New Testament, is considered as the characteristic mark of a Christian.

After the Captivity, alms-giving was no longer left to the option of the generous; it was regulated by an organised system

and enforced under penalties. Each city was provided with three collectors, and the collections were of two kinds, named respectively "Alms of the Chest" and "Alms of the Dish." The first applied to money collected in a chest or box in the synagogue on the Sabbath day, which was distributed the same evening to the poor of the city by the three collectors. In the second case, a dish was carried daily from house to house to hold the contributions of food or money solicited by the collectors for the poor in general.

Alms-giving became in time so serious a tax that Gregory the Great is said to have interceded on behalf of an indigent man of Genoa, requesting the Bishop of Milan to give him exemption from such compulsory charity; and the Council of Tours, realising in A.D. 567 that something must be done to remedy the abuse, framed a law making it incumbent on each city to support its own pauper population.

Alms and fasting were from very early days looked upon as a means of justification, and the practice introduced by Theodorus of Canterbury in 700, of commuting penances by the giving of alms, became a fruitful source of profit to the Church. Other methods were also resorted to by which the treasury was enriched when voluntary offerings proved insufficient to cope with the growing needs of the clergy. In England, in the reigns of the

Saxon Kings Edgar, Ethelred, and Canute, an annual toll of one penny was levied on all ploughs used in tillage. These "Plough alms," as they were called, were given to the Church thirteen days after Easter. The benediction of pilgrims—"benedictio in auro"—had to be paid for in ready money, and for various offices performed by the priest fees were exacted. In the time of Leo the Great alms-boxes were placed in the churches, and emptied every month, while collections were made for the poor both on Sundays and weekdays. Throughout intervening centuries, down to our own time, such "Alms of the Chest" and "Alms of the Dish" have been recognised donations both for Church and charity, and some curious receptacles for these moneys are still in existence.

Amongst the illustrations here shown is one to which a curious story is attached. It is a wooden money-box with the well-known inscription, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." In its present dilapidated state it can be seen in the church of St. Mary, Godmanchester, where it has stood almost without

to its former place, where it is now prized more as a curiosity than as a safe receptacle for further charity.

In former days the theft of church property was made the occasion for a special discourse from the pulpit. After recounting the robbery the priest prayed for the conversion of the thief, the choir sang an appropriate hymn, and the bells were rung. To excite the indignation of the people, and perhaps thereby to obtain restitution, the image of the patron saint together with the relics and the Holy Cross were placed in a bed of thorns, and thorns were stuck into the entrance door.

An alms-dish of peculiar shape is here illustrated, which for 250 years has received the money collected in Clapham Church, Bedfordshire. The purpose for which it was originally intended, namely, that of imparting knowledge to the village school-children, remains but as a legend of the past; only the frame of the old "horn-book" is left, the horn, whereon were written letters and words to be committed to memory by the scholars, having long since disappeared. Perhaps in its imperfect condition it has done more good work than it ever accomplished during its palmy days. Across it, faintly printed in quaint characters, are the words, "Remember thyself," a precept of which most of us do not need to be reminded.

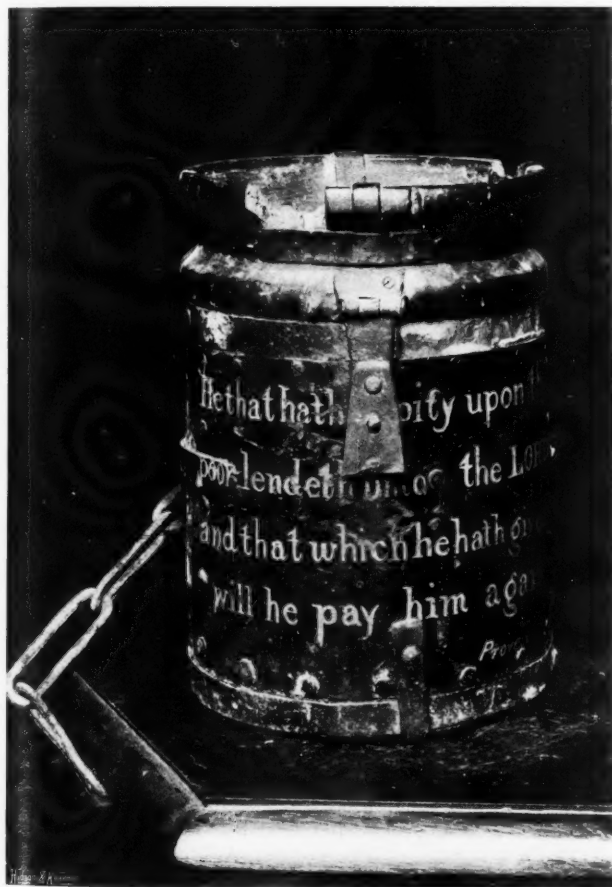
When Queen Elizabeth visited Boughton Malherbe about the year 1552, she presented to the church of that name the beautifully-decorated dish which forms one of our illustrations. On its outside rim the same words are four times repeated, while on the inner rim eleven letters are repeated in the same way. It is supposed that this curious inscription forms a cryptogram, a key to which the writer has failed to find. The fact that cryptograms were common during Elizabeth's reign lends colour to this supposition.



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

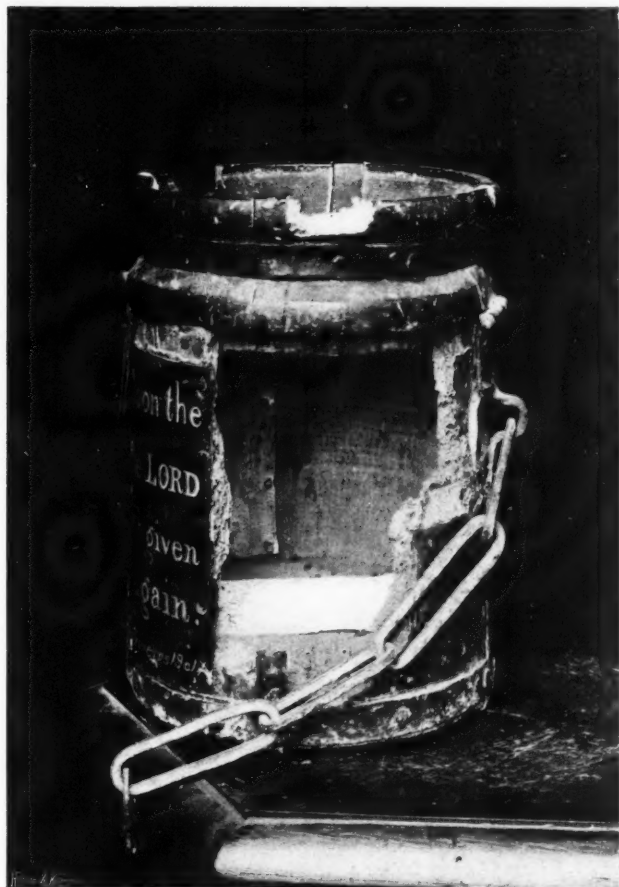
PRESENTED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

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AT ST. MARY'S, GODMANCHESTER.

interruption for an untold number of years; but in that word "almost" centres its chief interest, for during a brief period it vanished, no one knew how, no one knew where—no one but the chief actor in the drama. He, a dishonest tramp wending his way by the public footpath past the church door, found it ajar, and, stepping in, carried off the box and, as he hoped, "alms of the chest" within it. Breaking it open, he found, so report says, only a few buttons, and partly in disgust at his disappointment, and partly to avoid detection, he threw the alms-box into an adjacent pond. Later, when arrested for some other crime, he confessed to this sacrilegious deed. The box was recovered, and restored



BROKEN BY TRAMPS.

A somewhat similar date may be assigned to the copper alms-dish with a representation of St. George contending with the Dragon, the female figure on the left denoting that at the time of its manufacture England was ruled by a Queen. Here, too, we find the peculiarity of four repetitions of certain letters following each other in one continuous inscription. The "warming-pan" alms-dish brings us almost in touch with the present time, for some of us can remember in the days of our youth the long handle appearing over the door of the square pew, and the rivalry amongst the children as to whose penny should rattle the loudest as it fell into the depths of the half-covered copper box.

That alms-giving, whether "in the chest" or "on the dish," is a duty that carries with it a reward, is plainly set forth:

"Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all: the poor, the pris'n'r,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thine hand,
Shall cry to Heav'n and pull a blessing on thee."
E. BROUGHTON.

SOME WINTER MIGRANTS.

FAR more seems to be known of our summer migrants than of those birds which, for various reasons, choose to take up their abode with us in winter. There are, of course, good and sufficient reasons for this. In spring and early summer the voice of Nature, calling from the woodland and the field, is irresistible. At these seasons even the busy townsman feels impelled to get into the country and hear once more those familiar voices of the migrating birds which tell that at length, after the long Northern winter, spring is here.

But, except to the sportsman abroad in the fields in search of pheasant or partridge, or following hounds in chase of fox or hare, those migrants which come to us in late autumn, and take up their abode with us for the winter months, are far less well known. Four birds which always appear to us in Sussex with unfailing regularity are the short-eared owl, the hooded crow, the fieldfare, and the siskin. To me it is as great a pleasure to set eyes on these visitants of winter as it is to welcome the throng of songsters which pour forth their melody in the spring. The summer migrants come to us mostly from warm climates — from the Mediterranean, Africa, and even far-off Asia. They follow the sun, and know little of the dark skies and of the snows and frosts of winter. The four migrants I have noticed, on the contrary, merely shift their quarters from one Northern region, in which they spend the summer, to another somewhat less Arctic in its wintry severity.

While wandering with a pack of hounds over the Down Country the other day, a bird got up out of some long grass, which I immediately noted as the short-eared owl, or, as it is far more commonly known among country people, the woodcock owl. This bird has a much smaller head than the rest of

our British owls, and is often mistaken by the uninitiated for a hawk; in fact, one of its various names is the hawk owl; others are mouse hawk and

marsh owl, the latter being perhaps most nearly descriptive of the bird's habits. This bird is called the woodcock owl for the reason that its sojourn with us coincides exactly with that of the woodcock. It appears usually in October, and betakes itself North again towards March.

The woodcock owl is the most diurnal in its habits of all its family. In dull weather it seeks its food in the daytime, preying mostly upon mice and voles, varied occasionally by small birds, and the young of grouse, plovers, and other birds. Although taking an occasional toll of game birds, this owl may be described as among the most useful friends of the farmer. It devours mice and voles in incredible quantities, and where a plague of these creatures appears, as happens periodically, this owl suddenly makes its appearance in considerable numbers, and aids largely in the destruction of such unwelcome pests. Many years ago a plague of mice overran the country near Bridgewater, wreaking immense mischief among the vegetation and crops. Simultaneously there appeared great numbers of short-eared owls, which destroyed thousands of the marauding mice. During this period as many as twenty-eight of these owls were seen together in a single field. In the years 1890-92, during the vole plague which occurred on the

Scottish borders, these owls again appeared in large numbers; and it is remarkable that at this time, instead of laying about five or six eggs, as is their normal wont, the woodcock owls

produced as many as thirteen eggs to a nest. In lemming years in Norway the same trait in the nesting habit of

this bird has been noticed, so perfectly does Nature maintain the balance in such emergencies.

The sight of one of these elegant owls during a Sussex winter is to me always a most welcome one. Their soft plumage, a blending of dusky grey, black, and brown, ferruginous, white, and pale yellow, is very beautiful. On Pevensy Marshes, a piece of country often favoured by them during the winter months, they are invariably to be found resting in long tussocky grass. This kind of covert, as well as heather, fern, or bracken, is much favoured by them. They prefer always open country to the woodlands, and nest in some such shelter as I have described. The flight, as the bird gets up when disturbed, is a soft and curiously wavering one, but when hunting over the marsh or moorland, as these birds will do, quartering the ground very much after the manner of their cousins the fan and marsh harriers, they fly boldly and well enough. How silent, by the way, is the flight of an owl! Nature has so adapted its plumage to the silent business of hunting on still nights that its soft and pliant wing-feathering produces scarce

a sound. These birds ply their careers, as it were, with muffled oars. How different from the whistling flight of a wild duck, the noisy rattle of a wood-pigeon's pinions!

The woodcock owl is a far wanderer indeed over the face



A HORN-BOOK ALMS-BOX.



THE WARMING-PAN ALMS-DISH.



OLD COPPER ALMS-DISH.

of the earth, being found at different times as far afield as Australia, West Africa, the Moluccas, New Guinea, Oceania, and the Sandwich, Galapagos, and Falkland Islands. This excellent and most interesting visitant ought never to be shot, for the farmer has no greater friend and ally.

Another most punctual winter migrant is the hoodie crow. Season after season I note the arrival of these birds during the month of October on Pevensy Marshes, a favourite abode of theirs in East Sussex. As punctually, about the beginning of April, does this species retire northward to breed. These bold and powerful marauders, with their handsome grey and black plumage, always amuse one by the cool audacity of their proceedings. Nevertheless, they are assassins of the most heartless description; a lost lamb or a sickly or ailing sheep has little chance with them. First attacking the eyes of the unfortunate, they proceed to further extremities as the animal becomes weaker. A hooded crow will follow a young or wounded rabbit even into its burrow, and will penetrate as far as 5 ft. into the earth to accomplish its purpose—a bold robber, indeed! Still, like most other birds of prey, these birds have their uses. They are famous scavengers, devouring many a carcase, and removing much offal. There are few cleverer creatures among the feathered world, and I believe that a domesticated "hoodie" could teach itself almost anything, even so far as to emulate the feats of a certain raven which belonged to an innkeeper in Cambridgeshire at the beginning of the last century. This raven was brought up with a sharp terrier, and the two became such friends that they used to go out hunting together. The terrier drove rabbits or hares from gorse and thickets, while the raven, posted outside, grabbed the quarry as it came out. Between them the two friends soon finished off their victims. A precious pair truly! The hooded crow, although it breeds in the North and West of Scotland, the Hebrides, Orkneys, and parts of Ireland, nests for the most part in Scandinavia, Northern Europe, and Siberia, whither it punctually betakes itself at the beginning of April.

Fieldfares visit us also mainly in the month of October, when their main armies cross the seas, after their Northern summer, and settle with us for the winter. But often before October one hears the quick chatter of these birds, flying overhead, and one knows from the sound, even on a fine, warm September day, before lawn tennis and flannels are discarded, that winter is on its way. Even in late August I have once or twice noticed the return of fieldfares from their Northern haunts. This, however, is rare; September and October are the months of their return. I confess I love the fieldfare. He reminds me of those bright, hard, cheerful winters years ago, when as a lad one sought him eagerly in the snow, and shot him in numbers along the hawthorn hedges, or collected by some scarlet-

berried holly bush by the garden or the farmyard. Except in severe winter weather, however, the fieldfare is a wary enough bird, very difficult to get near with the gun. Snow and frost speedily tame him and his first cousin, the redwing, and it is then that country-folk and schoolboys home for their Christmas holidays make such notable bags of the "feltyfare," as rustics call him. In Northamptonshire and Warwickshire this bird is always known as the "felt," undoubtedly a corruption of the Scandinavian word "fjeld," which has much the same significance as "veldt" in South Africa. The fieldfare is, in truth, the bird of the field or "fjeld." Although nowadays somewhat neglected in this country, the fieldfare is a most excellent table bird. Even in the sharpest winter weather he is to be shot in splendid condition, unless the spell of cold is too long and too severe, and, when plucked, exhibits rich cushions of yellow fat flanking his plump breast. A fieldfare pie is a real delicacy, which old-fashioned country people still know how to appreciate.

In late February or early March these birds betake themselves to the northernmost parts of Europe, where they nest in May, June, and even July. There is not a prettier sight than that to be witnessed in some green Norwegian *dal*, at the edge of a big fjord, during June or July, when the Norsk folk are cutting their hay. Then these fair meadows are alive with fieldfares, flitting hither and thither in search of insect food, and displaying a tameness not often seen in England, except during hard frost. Heavy falls of snow deprive the fieldfare and redwing at once of a good portion of their food supply, and if the hedge fruit is by that time also finished, their sufferings are very severe. Thousands die in such a season. During the hard January of 1895 I saw redwings so reduced by hunger that they were hopping about the houses and gardens in the very streets of Eastbourne. The fieldfare is, in fact, by no means so hardy a bird as his Norse descent would seem to warrant.

Only a week since I was reminded of yet another of our winter signs by the sight of two siskins, resplendent in livery of yellow and oil green, flitting along a hedge not far from Loughton, near Lewes. Among our various birds of winter, few, except the goldfinch and bullfinch, can vie with this lovely bird. In various parts of Europe immense flights of these birds are to be seen at times, especially along the banks of the Danube; but only occasionally in this country does the aberdevine, as old writers used to call it, appear in flocks. The caged birds seen in this country come mostly from Germany. Very occasionally the siskin condescends to nest in Britain; as a rule, it rears its young in North Europe, within the limits of the vast forests of fir and pine. A more charming piece of colour in a winter landscape is seldom to be seen than the siskin, which is a bird still not very familiar, except in a state of captivity.

H. A. BRYDEN.

SHEEP IN LATE WINTER.

BEFORE winter departs it seldom fails to occur that the land is visited by a parting snowstorm or two. It is nevertheless true that animals, or at least pedigree stock animals, if hardly brought up, do not suffer much inconvenience from storms. Should a Shire horse be kept in the stable at what the attendant thinks a comfortable temperature, it requires the most sedulous attention to keep it from catching cold, whereas if the same animal be turned out into the open air he will often be seen tumbling about or even lying on the snow-covered ground without seeming to experience the slightest discomfort. What is true of other animals is even more so of sheep. Very few kinds of weather are really hurtful to a flock, con-

tinued moisture being by far the worst. A fleece being naturally greasy, will, to a great extent, throw off the water; but a time comes when it gets thoroughly clogged, and is then a burden difficult to bear. In long-continued rainy weather,

too, the feet of the sheep become very soft, and easily get hurt when they come in contact with pebbles, bits of wood, or other hard materials. During the great rains of 1903 it was painful to see what a large proportion of the animals were obliged to limp. Yet even this is not very serious, as in dry weather the hoofs quickly recover their original hardness, and the animal is just what it was before. Of course, rheumatism and kindred diseases are very much fostered by damp weather, and the shepherd ought to take care



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A HARD-EARNED MEAL.

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that his charges do not lie down in low and muddy places, but are driven to the drier uplands. They are very much creatures of habit, and soon learn to do this on their own account. Where there are hill grazings the shepherd every evening drives his animals away from the valleys to the finer air of the hill-top, and in a wonderfully short space of time they begin to climb up instinctively when the evening shadows lengthen; but when a storm is threatening the hill shepherd is much more anxious to keep his flock in the slacks or glidders, since it is in the more exposed parts that they are likely to meet with trouble. Even on hills a mere fall of snow makes very little difference to the sheep provided there is no drift; but it often happens that after they have sought the shelter of the valley a wind arises and whirls the snow upon them. Even then their case is not hopeless. Over and over again it has happened that a flock of sheep buried in snow has been rescued intact, since the warm air coming from their nostrils will suffice to make a breathing-space by melting the surrounding snow. Still, the shepherd in hill countries has



RESTING IN THE SNOW.

the coming storm, it is quite easy to avoid it; but the wisest shepherds are sometimes deceived, because the hills deflect the



THE TURNIP-CART.

an extremely anxious time during snowy weather, and very often is forced to depend on his own weather-lore. If he can foresee

currents of air, and often localise a storm that otherwise would have blown past. But for these anxieties the hill shepherd would be very lonely during a fall of snow, since he generally lives in a house far away from any regular road, and visitors at this time of the year are few and far between. Indeed, it is dangerous, even for those who know the ground thoroughly well, to go out. In a blinding snow-shower there is no means whatever of understanding direction. The cottage light is easily obscured, and to venture a few yards from the door is to run the risk of being lost. Besides, few people understand that, in such circumstances, the eye is useless, but the ear may prove of effect. The barking of a dog or the discharge of a gun may lead the wanderer's steps into safety. Luckily, the shepherd is generally provided with some ancient blunderbuss, or loader, and knows well that when a member of his household or a comrade is lost in the storm, the discharge of this weapon is



ON THE MOVE

one of the most effective signals. In his leisure hours of winter the old-time shepherd used to amuse himself with knitting, and made the most comfortable cuffs and gloves from the wool that had grown on his own sheep. Like many other good old customs, this employment is ceasing in the land, and the shepherds have found out other methods of grappling with the incomparable dullness of the long nights amid the hill pastures. Some of them, curiously enough, have taken to book-keeping for the purpose of working out the many interesting problems relating to sheep and their offspring. For science, after sweeping over the rest of the land, is gradually getting to these remote districts, so that even the hill shepherd is accustomed to go by the book, whereas his predecessor, like the immortal Sir John Falstaff, did most things on "instinct, sir." In spite of that, they still remain a pleasant and hospitable people, and he who goes angling up in those districts may do worse than listen to the lore they will impart.

But the practical work of the lowland farm is always a little more difficult towards the end of winter. The business of lambing is of course in full swing, and very often the shepherd is bound to take up his residence in a wooden van in the lambing fold.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

FEEDING.

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weather. On many farms the old plan is still followed of feeding the turnips from a cart. One of the commonest sights that used to be seen in the North was that of stalwart women in the turnip-fields, well wrapped up against the cold, with shawls round their shoulders, a bonnet on their heads, and wooden clogs on their feet; they would follow the cart, one woman on each side. Each woman pulled the turnips, cut off the end of the root with a hook, and threw the root into the cart. That was in the days when cattle, and sometimes sheep, were fed with the entire root. But at other places a woman would be seen working a hand turnip-cutter. Fairly hard work it was, throwing the turnips into the hopper, and then turning the handle till the roots were cut into the slices which were deemed suitable for feeding purposes. But on the best farms hand labour of that sort has long been abolished, and the cutting is done by mechanical processes. This year, luckily, there is still a fair store of turnips, thanks to the abundant crop which flourished in the excessive moisture of last year. Sheep, someone has said, are the farmer's sheet anchor, and this year this applies more than usual. In every



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE HAY-CART.

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There are weaklings to be nursed and fed, sick mothers and sick progeny to physic and otherwise attend to, and many other anxieties connected with this interesting period. Besides, it is often a matter of pecuniary interest. Even on ordinary lowland farms the shepherd usually claims and gets a capitation grant on the number of lambs successfully reared, and in the North his wages consist for a large part of a portion of the flock. This increases his anxieties, but also improves his chances of making and saving money. Of the labourers who manage to rise to the dignity of being farmers on their own account, by far the largest proportion consists of those who have been shepherds. Apart from the ewes and lambs, the one year and two year sheep require extra care towards the end of winter. The last portion of the natural feed has disappeared; and if that were not so, it nevertheless occurs that the grass is frozen or coated with snow, so that artificial feeding becomes a necessity, and it has to be done well to keep the flocks from going out of condition. Perhaps this applies to grazing sheep more than to those that are folded, since the thrifty and prudent flockmaster has taken care to provide roots and catch-crops that are available in the hardest



A WINTER SCENE.

direction the flockmaster has scored. The sales during the autumn were better than they have been for several years, and despite the enormous importation of frozen mutton, the price of home-fed still keeps up. Nothing seems to be able to lower it. Then the wool sales have been uncommonly good, thanks chiefly to the decimation of Australian flocks brought about by the long drought. Thus the sheep-farmer has not only done well during the past, but he has a prospect of doing still better in the immediate present. The year has not been at all a bad one for wintering. It has not been excessively wet; and, though there have been visitations of rough weather, they have not been sufficiently serious to do perceptible injury. The autumn, in fact, was a fairly open one, and a bit of grass was available long after the usual time. In addition, as we have already said, the root crop was

uncommonly bulky, and so was the hay harvest. Seldom, indeed, has it occurred that the flockmaster has been so well provided with material for keeping his flock in winter, and now the twittering of the birds tells us that spring is already well on the way. In the course of a few weeks the period of anxiety will be over. Grass will be greening again on hill and valley, and ewes and lambs will be seen sporting by hedges where the primroses grow. It is said that the farmer's work is an unending one. No sooner are the troubles of one season past than those of another begin; but if it has anxieties, it has moments of hope and pleasure, too, and the greatest of these arrives when the last snow of the season has passed away, and the showers and smiles of spring are once more wooing vegetation into leaf.

THE REAL AND IDEAL IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHY has suffered from nothing so much as the limitations which the ignorance of its possibilities, on the part of others, has set up and imposed upon photographers who would fain practise their craft as a means of personal expression; but for half a century or so the world has said, "No!" Photography can only copy, and for it to attempt to do more is but to excite the ridicule which attends the apish imitations of man's intelligent actions; and so for years had photography lain passive under the spell of an imaginary incapacity, until here and there arose a few who, restoring to photography its self-confidence, bade it arise and demonstrate its hitherto untried powers.

Then when photography in its new-found freedom no longer looked the prosaic, lifeless thing which one had been accustomed to regard it, it was looked upon with suspicion. By its manner of giving expression to imagination and the ideal, it not unnaturally bore some likeness to those older methods whose rôle has always been to serve the imagination and to idealise; but the bonds of tradition are hard to loosen, and people said, "This cannot be photography—it must be painting!"

Photographers employing their process with the same artistic motives as the painter or draughtsman, and seeking the same end, could, if at all successful, scarcely fail to produce a result approximately similar in appearance. Yet this very evidence of the successful attainment of their end was, and

still is, greeted with the charge of "imitation." Whilst, because a print has been developed by means of a brush, and bears

witness to the fact, the intolerant ask that the producer should change his medium, and use paint and painting brushes, ignoring the fact that to paint a picture involves some measure of draughtsmanship, a qualification which the majority of photographers entirely lack, or possess in a negligible degree.

Foremost amongst those who have helped by example and by precept to emancipate photography from its forlorn condition has been M. Robert Demachy of Paris, an amateur who by reason of the charm of his work has carried conviction to the hearts of many whose prejudices would have refused him a hearing; and independent, and to a great extent indifferent, as an artist should be of the mere process and appliances he employs, strange to say it was the resuscitation of an obsolete method of printing which seemed to give M. Demachy the opportunity required by his dormant powers. What is known as the gum bichromate process had ceased to possess any value, in view of the introduction of other printing processes, each surpassing the other in the brilliancy of surface and power to render the detail and gradation of the negative. For the one distinguishing characteristic of the gum bichromate process no one had any need of use; this was the power which it gave the photographer of interfering with the automatically-formed positive image. People had been content to accept unquestioning whatsoever the process



R. Demachy.

AN OLD STREET IN LISIEUX.

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rightly carried out, might bring. It had never occurred to them that what the lens and sensitive plate might together produce would not necessarily be either a truthful rendering of Nature or even a suggestive rendering of a personal impression. Even those who had learnt by observation that photography did not always give accurate rendering of relative tones, submitted, as if to the inevitable, and conceived of no means of subsequently correcting the error.

It was during a visit to Paris, some fourteen years ago, that Mr. Alfred Maskell saw the forgotten gum bichromate process used by a French artist, M. Rouillé-Ladavez, and at once realised what its capabilities might mean to the modern pictorial photographer, and forthwith reintroduced it in London. The process, it may be explained, consists of paper, coated with a mixture of pigment and gum mucilage, made sensitive to light with potassium bichromate, and on being exposed to light under a negative in the usual way, the pigmented gum becomes insoluble in proportion to the intensity of light which the negative image transmits, yet not so insoluble but that it can be washed or rubbed away after the wholly unacted-on



K. Demachy.

LANDSCAPE IN NORMANDY.

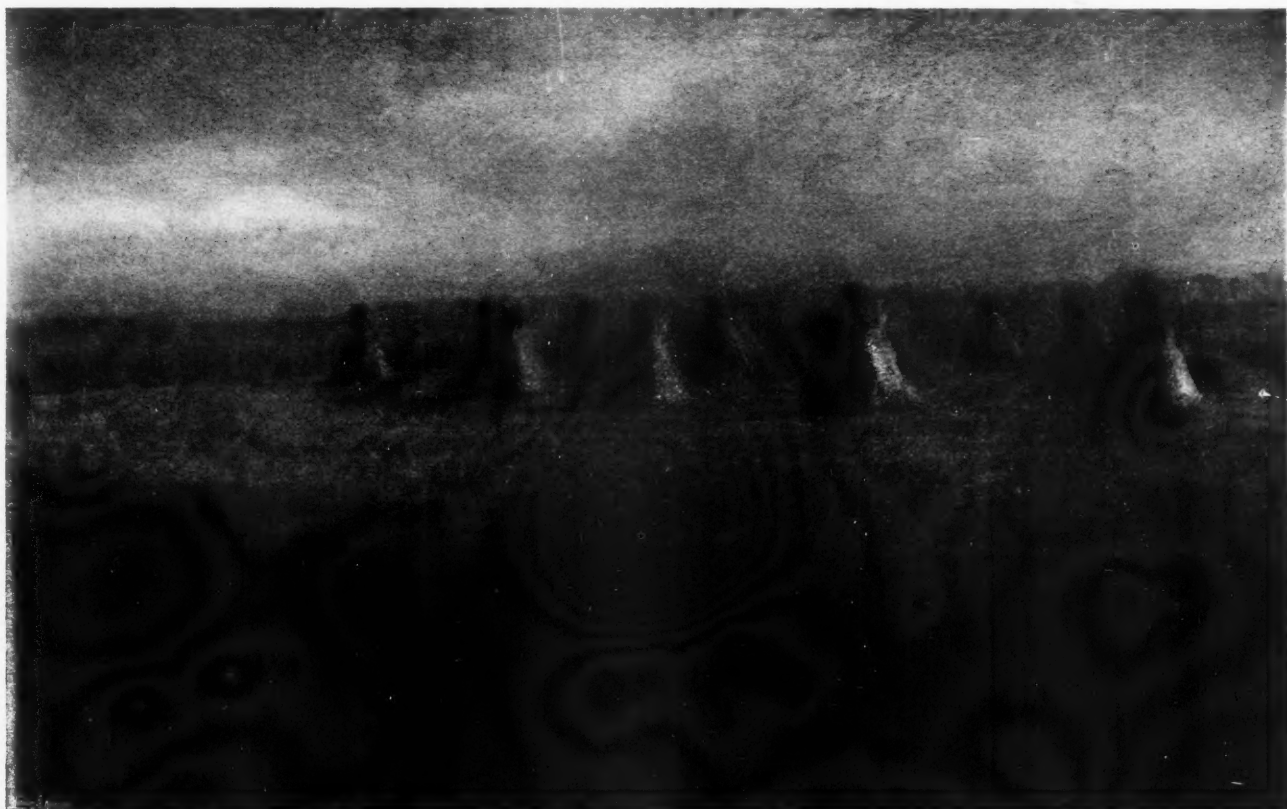
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parts have been dissolved.

Thus we have primarily a complete photographic image in pigment as mechanically formed as any other kind of photograph, but of such a nature that its development, as a whole—and development only consists of dissolving or washing away with water—can be arrested at any moment, and continued in certain selected parts only, by the local application of water, this being applied by any means which ingenuity may suggest. A sponge, or, better still, a brush, has most readily suggested itself, whereupon the critic—his conventional ideas of what constitutes a photograph being outraged at the idea of a photographer doing what he likes with his own creation—condemns the result, not for its demerits, but because the photographer, in order to rid his photographic picture of the shortcomings which have made photography contemptible in the eyes of the artist, has used means new to those prescribed by the text-books. Does the worker in paint, or charcoal, or pencil

never resort to other than the prescribed methods?

The work of M. Demachy, of which several examples are here reproduced, is particularly interesting from the fact that he



K. Demachy.

HARVEST-TIME.

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himself assures us that he is quite incapable of producing a picture, or even a passably recognisable representation, by means of pencil or brush. With an intimate knowledge and keen appreciation of art, he yet lacks manipulative skill; but, given the fundamental drawing, his artistic instinct finds scope to express itself, and, by repression here and emphasis there, he can impart to the dead replica of Nature that personal character which is the revivifying soul that animates the lifeless substance of the picture. Such a course involves a close knowledge of and keen sympathy for Nature, and the artistic sense of selection; otherwise that which gives liberty to improve will prove an opportunity for error, into which the inefficient is certain to fall.

Such pictures as the originals of the reproductions here given are essentially photographs, because, without the photographically produced basis, they would have had no existence, and their producers must have remained dumb; and the particular process—the gum bichromate already referred to—is not the only one of the kind which, introduced in recent years, gives full latitude for the individual interpretation of a theme mechanically transcribed. And this is the phase into which the photography of our day has entered, and by which it has gained recognition—even though that recognition has been somewhat grudgingly extended—amongst those who formerly knew photography only

whether he continue to glory in success as a skilled craftsman, a mere technician, or wield the means thus placed in his hands, as the potter fashions the clay, leaving thereon the stamp of his own personality.

A. HORSLEY HINTON.

WOODCOCK-SHOOTING AT ASHFORD.

ASHFORD, Lord Ardilaun's lovely place on the shore of Lough Corrib in County Galway, has long been celebrated for the excellence of its woodcock-shooting. On the present occasion more than usual interest was aroused when it became known that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was going to enjoy his first experience with Irish woodcocks. The excitement locally was very great, a mile of the road from Ballinrobe to the entrance of the Ashford demesne being gaily decorated with lines of flags and triumphal arches adorned with mottoes of welcome, which must have considerably surprised the woodcocks if they came across them when "roading" in the dusk of the evening.



R. Demachy.

WINTER.

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as the blind and indiscriminating means of reproduction. Many a rosebud has been distorted, or has failed altogether, because unable to burst the enclosing calyx; many a seed has remained dormant and has decayed, unable to escape the shell; many a noble thought has died unspoken for want of power of expression—and all the world has been the poorer. May there not be many who have had no opportunity of training in the technique of graphic art who may still possess poetic feeling and imagination, which such a medium as has been here described would enable them to communicate for our advantage?

We have, probably, all outgrown the childish notion that Art seeks only to imitate Nature. The impression which the true artist receives from any view in Nature is that of a fairer and more perfect scene than is actually spread before him; from the individual facts that are, he constructs a whole which might have been—Nature's indecisions leave room for fancy's flights, and with the mere suggestions of detail, imagination builds.

Skill of optician and chemist's lore have combined to give us with lens and plate the actual and real, saving the student years of wrestling with the rules of perspective and the drawing of lines; and armed with these elements, it rests with himself

His Royal Highness arrived at the residence of his host accompanied by Sir Charles Cust and Lord Ardilaun, and escorted by the beaters, some sixty in number, each man carrying a torch. The house party consisted of Lord and Lady Ardilaun, Lord Bandon, Lord Rathmore, Colonel the Hon. R. Dillon, Mr. Percy La Touche, and Major Acland Hood. A very great deal depends on the weather, both from the point of view of the comfort to the guns, and also as to the numbers of "cock" likely to be found in the various coverts. To ensure a plentiful supply of "cock" snow should lie deep on the mountains, whilst squalls of hail are very effective to drive them from the exposed heather into the warm coverts which nestle round Loughs Mask and Corrib. On the present occasion, though some ten days before had been ideally rough and cold, the weather took it into its head to be on its very best behaviour; in fact, rather too much so. The glass went up and up, till it could go no higher, the sun came out, and so did a good many of the woodcocks from the coverts, and returned to the mountains.

The first beat shot was Ballykyne, the most famous collection of woodcock coverts in the British Isles; you get every variety of covert and every variety of shot. On the present occasion a start was made with the top half of a beautiful young covert named Toberbearogue. The guns, seven in all (as Lord

Ardilaun did not shoot, but supervised the arrangements), were placed some in line and some ahead on the flanks; a fair number of shots soon told that the cock were in, in good numbers. The next beat, called Black Wood, consisting of old firs with occasional patches of rock cropping up here and there, was not so good as usual. After this a very typical beat is taken over the rocks of Drineen; it is a most curious place, all lime stone rock, with fissures some 3ft. to 6ft. deep everywhere, here and there small patches of fir or hazel crop out of the rock, but a great portion of it is quite bare of any sort of covert, and it is astonishing to see the woodcocks appearing apparently from the bowels of the earth, and flashing off to right or left, forward or back, at their best paces, and very difficult shots some of them are. His Royal Highness, walking just in front of the centre of the line of beaters, had some capital shooting here, and he certainly got one right and left—an extraordinarily rare occurrence, even at Ashford—besides several more twisters amongst the trees. The woodcocks on this beat fly in a more puzzling and erratic way than usual. No sooner is the cry of "Mark to the right!" heard than you see a bird come through or over a highish fir. Directly he comes to the open, he seems to dart straight down at the rocks, twist along them for a few yards, and then dash back into the trees again; so that, unless you are very quick and your eye is straight, you do not get much chance at him. Added to this, you must remember where the various guns are to the right and left, as there are many angles at which it would be most dangerous to fire.

The reason why these bare rocks are so much favoured by the woodcock is that, being limestone, they are dry and warm, whilst about a mile off there is an excellent bog, which provides ample food throughout the winter. Another beat is taken, over the remaining part of these Drineen rocks, and then a variety is offered by beating an old fir wood just outside the walls of Ballykyne Wood proper. This fir wood held a nice lot of birds on the present occasion, and, when the party arrived at the entrance-gate into Ballykyne, the total bag was already 77 cock, and great hopes were raised of a record day, as the next beat is generally the best of all; it is usually known as "Elysium," over fifty birds having frequently been killed in this one beat. But, alas! on the present occasion there were not a third of the usual quantity, and those that were there did not behave as loyally as they ought. Last year in the outside path the three guns who were guarding it killed 18, 11, and 10 respectively. This year only 10 birds faced the music on that side, the majority flying in exactly the opposite direction. After all, this is one of the great charms of woodcock-shooting—you never know when or where you may get a shot. One thing you do know is that if you miss him the chances are you will not see that bird again; so that you are continually on the *qui vive*, and every moment is full of excitement, which rises to fever heat when you hear the cry of "Mark cock!" in your direction. The bag at lunch amounted to 103 birds, and it was by no means certain that the record might not still be beaten.

In the afternoon two more beats were taken in Ballykyne, but as there were not so many inhabitants as usual a move was made to the lower half of the covert which was commenced in the morning, *i.e.*, Toberbearogue. This is at the present time just at its best. It consists of a wilderness of rocks skilfully planted with larch, hazel, and hollies; two shooting paths have been cleverly engineered in and around the rocks; but the young trees are growing up so quickly in this limestone soil that it is becoming increasingly difficult to get more than the very shortest glimpse of a cock as he dashes past or across. However, the powder was straight, and about 36 birds were accounted for. One more beat remained before darkness came on. The beaters, who are really wonderful fellows, as keen as mustard, keeping a perfect line through the thickest and longest covert and over the most awful rocks, hurried away about a quarter of a mile to the Pigeon Hole rocks, where, owing to the failing light, accurate shooting was becoming difficult. A good many birds were flushed, and on arrival at the end the total was found to be 181 cock, with a few pheasants. His Royal Highness headed the score by killing 40 woodcock. This, though not a record, is about the fifth best day ever obtained on this wonderful beat, a record of which from 1878 is attached:

Date.	Birds.	Guns.	Date.	Birds.	Guns.
1878	116	6	1892	No shoot.	
1879	117	5	1893	145	7
1880	165	6	1894	112	7
1881	88	6	1895	205	7
	(bad weather)		1896	126	—
1882	No shoot.		1897	128	—
1883	"		1898	118	—
1884	172	6	1899	168	—
1885	112	6	1900	140	—
1886	154	7	1901	117	—
1887	145	6	1902	130	—
1888	102	7	1903	No shoot.	
1889	No shoot.		1904	211	—
1890	183	7	1905	181	—
1891	209	7			

Thursday's beat was at Ross Hill on Lough Mask; here, to begin with, two islands are shot, and as a certain number of birds fly from one to the other or skirt along the shore, one of the guns is rowed round just in front of the beaters in a boat. The gun who was fortunate enough to be in the boat on this occasion secured 11 birds, and ought to have got another. After this a red bog is beaten, and then some small coverts after lunch; there were a nice lot of birds in places, and the bag totalled 92 birds—a few snipe and a fair lot of pheasants. Each gun is followed by a "picker," whose duty it is to run in and pick up any woodcock his temporary master may shoot; they have wonderful eyesight, and very rarely have to call for a retriever to help them. One of these men was asked, "Are there any cock on Ross Hill Island?" and he replied, "Indeed there is, your honour, anny amount of 'em; I went to the end of the island to pick up a pheasant, and I see them there walking about in twos and threes, arm in arm jostling one another!"

Friday was devoted to beating the home coverts round Ashford House. There are some large patches of gorse bushes which held a lot of cock, but they flew very cunning, and a great many escaped unshot at. After lunch a photograph was taken of the party and all the beaters, pickers, etc., then some rocky coverts at the back of Cong were tried, a fox causing great excitement amongst the beaters, each man trying to catch him as he escaped over the rocks. On this day the bag consisted of 85 cock, some snipe, pheasants, and a wild duck or two.

Saturday was a lovely day, so the furthest beat of "Doon" was taken; this lies some twelve miles off at the head of Lough Corrib, and is a very wild beat, amidst magnificent scenery. The views were looking lovely, but the fine mild weather had caused the woodcocks to shift their quarters to the open mountains, with the result that only 30 were killed, instead of the usual bag of 60. His Royal Highness in the four days succeeded in killing 104 woodcock, besides pheasants, etc., and considering that this is by no means a good year, it was a fine performance.

On Monday His Royal Highness and another of the party pursued snipe on the bogs round Ballykyne and Ashford, and a very pretty mixed bag was obtained, consisting of 43 brace of snipe, 4 duck, 4 woodcock, 5 teal, besides pheasants, etc.

CORNISH CHOUGH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE KINDLY FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I fear that I cannot agree with your correspondent "N." in his criticism of my interpretation of the word "kindly" in my article entitled "The Kindly Fruits of the Earth." I feel sure that if the compilers of the Litany had meant to convey the sense "after their kind," they would have used that expression, which is Biblical, and is entirely in keeping with the beautiful language of the sixteenth century. While to twist "kindly" into a use which it does not quite fit is, to my mind, to destroy the simplicity of the words—the very thing "N." and I are so anxious to preserve. Dr. Johnson, at any rate, was of my way of thinking. He says, in his Dictionary:

KINDLY, *adjective*. 1.—Homogeneous; congenial; kindred; of the same nature.

2.—Natural; fit; proper.

"The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill

To bring forth fruit. . . ."

Spenser, Faerie Queene, b. xiii., c. 3.

"The kindly fruits of the earth."

Book of Common Prayer.

The Latin version does not help us. All the commentators agree that the sentence we refer to has come down to us unaltered from the "Salisbury Use," drawn up by Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury, about the end of the eleventh century. This runs: "Ut fructus terræ dare et conservare digneris, ut suo tempore pie eis utamur." Thus it seems that the adjective "kindly" was interpolated by the translators of A.D. 1544, for the sentence has not been altered since. And I maintain they used the word in the sense of "fit and proper," as opposed to fruits deleterious or harmful.—AUGUSTA DE LACY LACY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with much pleasure the article entitled "The Kindly Fruits of the Earth," and—with less pleasure—the comments of your correspondent "N." upon the meaning of the word "kindly" in that same article and quotation. I do not wish to accuse "N." of being "pedantic or hypercritical," nor yet of his sentiments doing "more credit to his heart than to his head"; in sooth, they do but little credit to his knowledge of this old controversy. Surely "N." must be aware that the exact meaning of the word kindly has been the subject of debates innumerable amongst the commentators of many countries for many years. Under the circumstances, it seems invidious to lay down the law upon the subject in the very categorical way that "N." does. I do not wish to uphold either reading of the word "kindly"—*de gustibus (et commentatoribus) non est disputandum*—but when it is a question of accusing an obviously erudite lady of having "more heart than head" because she prefers one interpretation of a controversial phrase to another, I think it is time for controversy to cease. For data I

refer "N." to documents in the British Museum, various standard dictionaries, and translations of the Litany in French, Spanish, and Arabic—possibly many other languages—which have appeared from time to time.—A. H. T.

THE MSS. OF THE OLDEST ENGLISH BOOK ON HUNTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some months ago you were good enough to devote considerable space



WILD CATS.

to a review of the "Master of Game," a book in which England's oldest and most important treatise on hunting, written by the Plantagenet, Edward, second Duke of York, 500 years ago, is for the first time reproduced in print. The astonishment expressed by most reviewers that such an interesting treatise should have had to wait for five centuries for an editor is not surprising, considering that the literature of our national sport even lacks a bibliography, and it is in this connection that I venture to ask you to allow me to make the following appeal to owners and custodians of old libraries who may be in a position to assist. In the bibliography of MSS. and books on our subject which I added to my folio, I deal only with those written before the close of the sixteenth century, and I give in it the whereabouts, age, etc., of the nineteen ancient MSS. of the "Master of Game." Seventeen of them are in public libraries, and only two were discovered by me in private repositories, viz., in those of the late Sir Thomas Phillipps at Cheltenham, and of the Earl of Ellesmere at Bridgewater House. Now there can be little doubt, and my belief is shared by other more competent judges, that there must be more of these old copies of what was once undoubtedly an exceedingly popular book, hidden away in country house libraries, or even in smaller public institutions, that for one reason or another have escaped the eye of the bibliographer. What I am desirous of soliciting is that those who have in their charge MSS. or black-letter books dealing with English sport should, if they come across any that are not enumerated in my bibliography in the "Master of Game," for which I may at once say I do not claim completeness, be so good as to communicate in brief form the necessary particulars to me, care of my publishers, Messrs. Ballantyne, Hanson, and Co., 14, Tavistock Street, W.C., so as to enable me to include them in the fuller bibliography for which I am collecting material. There are, for instance, several exceedingly rare books on hunting of the sixteenth century of which only two or three copies are known, and it is by no means unlikely that search may reveal other copies, or even works hitherto quite unknown. And as for MSS., there is every likelihood of interesting discoveries being thus made. How unexpected, not to say accidental, rediscoveries of long-forgotten treasures often are one of many experiences of my own may help to illustrate. For upwards of ten years I had been searching every likely source of information in connection with the "Master of Game." I had employed competent professional searchers, I had visited most of the principal public libraries and many private ones in England and abroad, my material was already in type, second revises had been passed by me, and everything was ready to go to press, when, by a happy chance, a friend accidentally heard of the recent discovery made by the librarian of Bridgewater House of a hitherto unknown MS. of the book while cataloguing. Investigation showed that it was a very interesting fifteenth century version of the Duke of York's text, the particulars of which I was enabled to add to my list at the last moment. Here I had been collecting material from all parts of Europe, and fondly imagining that I had amassed all available information, while all the time, a few hundred yards from my London

quarters, was reposing, unknown to me, one of the most interesting copies of the old book! In bibliographies on sporting literature France and Germany are far ahead of us, and the MSS. of the "Master of Game" which were practically unknown to Englishmen have been repeatedly examined and written about by foreigners. In fact, it was by a mere chance that a Berlin professor did not first publish this, the most important of all old English works on our national sport. It was actually in type on the banks of the Spree some time before mine reached that stage in London. That an Englishman who wants to read about Norman hunting should have to turn to a Frenchman's book, or if he desires to gain an insight into our early literature has to consult a German professor's textbook, is hardly worthy of Britain's sporting records. Bearing in mind the constant depletion that is going on by the destructive of country houses, and by the tap of the auctioneer's hammer that is sending so many of our treasures abroad, I trust that my appeal will not be made in vain.—W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

WATER-FINDING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am deeply interested in the article on water-finding in your issue of January 1st. In justice to the discredited "dowser," may I state the following facts: Last morning I employed a local water-finder, on two acres of land standing 100ft. above the river, and about a quarter of a mile from it. He "found" water by means of a crab-apple twig, and said we should come on a good supply at about 30ft. (he also added that this was the only spot where we should find it on the land). To-day at 38ft. we found water exactly where he stated. You argue that water can be found anywhere, but I know of two instances where wells have been sunk to 40ft., within a few yards of a river, before water has been found, simply because the river keeps to its bed, and water cannot be found without a spring. I contend, therefore, that water cannot be found everywhere, and should you wish to prove the contrary, I can only invite you, Sir, to come and try on my land. The scientists, you infer, do not acknowledge the "dowser's" power. Is there not here another instance of how large a field of natural phenomena yet remains for their investigation?—CHRISTOPHER W. HUGHES, Burford, Oxon.

THE TRUE WILD CAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The birth of the wild kittens, as we may suppose it right to name the young wild cats, at the Zoo has been the occasion of some discussion that is interesting as showing how much doubt generally exists as to the presence of wild cats in the United Kingdom. There are many people who will gravely tell you that the wild cat is quite extinct in these islands. As a matter of fact, it is not likely that a year ever passes in which several are not killed in Scotland, and a keeper on a Scotch forest showed the present writer the skins of two that he had killed in 1903, and at the same time stated his opinion that in his own district they had increased of recent years. The photographs



IN CAPTIVITY.

given are those of two splendidly-grown young wild cats, the property of Sir Arthur Campbell Orde, Bart., of Kilmorye, Argyllshire. They were caught when quite young in Glenmorriston, near Fort Augustus. They retain to the full their savage disposition, and do not hesitate to spring at anyone going near the enclosure in which they are confined. It was with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Charles Reid was enabled to get such a satisfactory picture of these interesting animals, and you will notice how successful he has been able to show the round tail of the true wild cat.—H.